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LATTER DAYS OF AN UNFORTUNATE PRINCE.

All who have perused the strange chivalric tale of the expedition of Charles Stuart, in 1745, to recover the throne justly forfeited by his ancestors, must have been sensible of great regret at the dismal conclusion of his history, when, disappointed and aimless, he sunk into sottishness, and caused a name, once watchword for the calling forth of high and generous feelings, to expire in something approaching to general contempt. We propose to introduce our readers to a more intimate view than has ever yet been imparted to the British public, of the latter days of this prince, not for the purpose of merely gratifying such curiosity as may exist on the subject, but in the belief that it will awaken some pleasing sympathies, and not be without its moral.

This task has been suggested to us by our chancing to become possessed of the papers of one of the last of the generation of Jacobites, the Right Reverend Robert Forbes, Bishop of Orkney in the disestablished Episcopal church of Scotland, who died in 1776, in the office of a minister at Leith, and who appears to have for many years noted every thing respecting the exiled family of Stuart which came to his knowledge. In what follows we shall make no attempt at a regular narrative, for which, indeed, sufficient materials do not perhaps any where exist, but content ourselves, at least in the first place, with giving a series of memoranda respecting the prince, as they occur in the bishop's papers. There will be an advantage in this plan, in as far as it will involve in our details much of that cordial and enthusiastic feeling for which the Jacobites were remarkable, and convey some impression of what sort of beings these partisans were.

It appears very decisively from these papers that Charles had embraced the religion of the church of England. The bishop preserves a copy of a letter dictated by him to his friends in Britain, under date August 12, 1762, and to the following effect:—"As are my friends in Britain that I am in perfect health; that I hope it will come like a thunderbolt; and that I shall not neglect to recompense every worthy subject as soon as it shall be in my power. They may be assured I shall live and die in the religion of the church of England, which I have embraced; and that no kind thing can be said, but what I wish to all my dear friends; for whose good I wish more to be amongst them, than for any advantage it would be to myself, as I have no great ambition except for their welfare." In June 1763, the first trace appears, in the bishop's memoranda, of a desire on the part of the British Jacobites that the prince should marry; and it is ensuing to observe with what piety they hope that such an event may be brought about, and that it may be productive of future pretenders to the throne. Mrs Oliphant of Gask in Perthshire, or, as she is here called, Lady Gask, appears as the moving person in the affair—and the prince is shadowed forth as a female cousin of that gentlewoman, under the designation of cousin Peggy. A gentleman, in London, writing to Forbes, 8th August 1763, mentions that Lady Gask had arrived amongst her friends—the chevalier's court in Italy—and found them all well; that cousin Peggy thanked the bishop for a pot of marmalade he had sent her; and that she only waited for a convenient opportunity to visit her friends in Britain. Another letter, unscripted, of date October 23, 1763, mentions that cousin Peggy had enjoyed a hearty laugh on being informed recently that "a certain friend sacredly preserved the favourite brogs, and made friends drink out of them"—alluding evidently to the Highland shoes worn by the prince while

travelling through Skye in a female dress, and which had been preserved by Macdonald of Kingsburgh, his guide and host on that occasion.

"The first of January 1766"—so runs a paragraph entered by the bishop—"about a quarter after nine o'clock, put a period to the troubles and disappointments of good old Mr JAMES MISFORTUNE"—meaning the old chevalier, who, we learn, had long been confined to bed with general weakness. Charles, who now considered himself king of England, had the mortification, as is well known, to find his pretensions acknowledged by no European court, not even by the Pope, for the sake of whose faith his grandfather had forfeited his throne. He went to Rome to remonstrate, but without effect, and latterly retired to his late father's seat at Albano, where he lived for some years under the modest title of Count of Albany, chiefly supported by an allowance from his brother Cardinal York. In the *Pleasures of Hope*, Mr Campbell has omitted one remarkable exemplification of that passion—namely, its tenacity and intensity in the breasts of an expiring party. We find the bishop in the ensuing September congratulating himself on the information communicated by a "Mr O." probably Oliphant, that "some great and principal persons were beginning to turn their views to my Favourite Lady, as the only one to extricate them out of their difficulties, and set to rights their disjointed affairs"—meaning, probably, the troubles occasioned by the reception of the stampact in America.

Throughout this and the ensuing year, great anxiety is expressed by the bishop and his correspondents respecting the equivocal conduct of the chevalier in continuing Catholic clergymen in his household and attending Catholic places of worship, though they are from time to time requested, by persons in his confidence, not to judge too hastily from appearances. Much anxiety is expressed that he should leave Italy, and thoughts seem to have been entertained of his visiting his friends in Scotland—of course incognito. Early, however, in 1769, the worthy beings who looked to him as their legitimate sovereign, and made a religion of their attachment to him, are shocked more grievously still, by hearing that he had addicted himself to tippling, and, in a drunken fit, had dismissed all his Scottish attendants, and supplied their places with Italians. Much difficulty is experienced by Bishop Forbes in obtaining correct information on this subject; but at length he receives full particulars from two individuals who had been at the chevalier's court, and whom he distinguishes only by the appellation of the Fellow-Travellers. At a meeting on the 8th of this month, with Bishop Gordon, at Moffat, he communicates these particulars, most curiously glossed by party prepossession, in the following terms:—

"That John Hay, Andrew Lumisden,* and Captain Urquhart, had been dismissed for a real act of disobedience. It was true, indeed, that the K— had been in use, for some time past, to call frequently for t'other glass of wine at dinner and supper, not from any liking to liquor, but like one absent in mind, when he met with things that vexed him, as too often was the case. One day, at dinner, he had done so, till he was somewhat intoxicated, and in that condition proposed going to an oratorio in the afternoon; but they absolutely refused to attend him. Yea, he went into his coach, and they would by no means go into it; upon which he returned to his apartments, and

* Hay had been one of his secretaries in Scotland. Lumisden was brother-in-law to the celebrated engraver Sir Robert Strange, and published a respectable work on the antiquities of Rome. He soon after made his peace with the government, and returned to his native country.—*Ed. C. E. J.*

dismissed them. In a day or two he sent for them to return to their duty; but they happening to consult with the Cardinal York, he advised them absolutely not to return; which counsel they followed, and he took care to have four Italians put into their places, as persons more fit for his purposes and designs. The cardinal would have been well enough pleased, had John Stewart, a constant and faithful attendant, been likewise dismissed; but that could not take place, as both master and servant, an Athole-man, were not willing to part. Therefore, there are still two Britons with him, Mr Wagstaffe, an Englishman,* and John Stewart, a Scotsman. He now enjoys more ease and quiet than formerly, and has never been seen concerned in the least with liquor since that event, which had been happily attended with one good effect, to make him think more seriously upon what had happened, and no man could be of a more firm and determined resolution than he was known to be. Not a blot, nor so much as a pimple, was in his face, though maliciously given out by some as if it were all over blotted; but he is jolly and plump, though not to excess, being still agile, and fit for undergoing toil." With respect to his religion, the bishop stated that his informants had been empowered to give out that any demonstrations he might make in favour of the Catholic faith were owing to the difficulty of his situation, as, even between eleven and twelve years of age, he had made up his mind against the truth of its doctrines, and determined on the change that had subsequently taken place in his professions. It is also stated, that he only remained at Rome in the hope of obtaining a recognition of his titles, and a pension, from the new Pope. We also have the following note:—"That Mrs Forbes had given the two fellow-travellers a piece of seed-cake, which they took entire to the K—, making a present of it to him, and without telling him from whom they had it. 'Ay,' said he, 'a piece of seed-cake from Scotland, and from Edinburgh too!' Then, rising from his seat and opening a drawer, 'there,' said he, 'you see me deposit it, and no tooth shall go upon it but my own.' Charles had further sent a memorandum for a copy of the bishop's narrative of his escape, and a *cooky book of English pastry puddings*, and we are afterwards informed that the former work, when sent, was translated into Italian, and published at Rome.

Soon after, intelligence of a more cheerful nature visits these zealous votaries of divine right. A friend recently at Rome informs Forbes, that Charles "is a great economist, and pays all accounts once a month at farthest, and that he gets up in the morning about four o'clock, takes breakfast about seven, dines at twelve on the plainest dishes, drinks tea at four, sups betwixt seven and eight, and is in his bedchamber by nine, or before it"—habits, it must be allowed, very different from those of most professed tipplers. "I heard lately," says another correspondent of the bishop in 1770, "that cousin Peggy was well, much in company now with the great folks, and received all the honours from them she could desire." It is also curious to observe what hopes were inspired into the breasts of the Jacobites by the Wilkes tumults and the commercial difficulties of this era. In November of the year just quoted, Bishop Gordon writes that "cousin Peggy is still lively and active, and ready for employment; and, now troubles seem to be rising in the world more and more, I think it not improbable but she may again find occasion for the exercise of her talents." In April of the ensuing year, John Farquharson of Ardler writes that the king had been using his divine right

* The chevalier's Protestant chaplain.—*Ed. C. E. J.*

in a medical way. "He is now fairly turned physician, and has made this year several wonderful cures, particularly one of a princess, looked upon (as) incurable. This has been of service to him, adds greatly to his character, and has given him the name of the Miraculous Doctor."

In the beginning of 1772, the chevalier made a journey into Paris, travelling a thousand miles in seven days, without being affected by it in his appearance. The movement may be surmised to have been connected with a negotiation for his marriage to Louise, Princess of Stolberg, which took place in the ensuing April. Great joy seems to have been kindled up amongst the Scottish Jacobites by the marriage. Louise immediately becomes the subject of loyal toasts, some of them by no means over delicate in the turn of their allusions. An engraving of her portrait is handed about. She is celebrated in stiff but thoroughly cordial verses. And all is satisfaction and happy expectation.

In a work entitled "Letters from Italy, by a Lady," published in 1776, the authoress [a Mrs. Miller] gives an account of two meetings she had with Charles at Rome, probably in the preceding year. While she was passing the evening at the Duchess of Bracciano's, one of the gentlemen in waiting announced *H Re* [the king], the title by which he was known at Rome. She was anxious, from motives of prudence, to avoid speaking to him, but, on entering, he made her a particular bow, sat down on the same sofa, and began a conversation with her and the duchess. "At last he addressed me in particular, and asked me how many days since my arrival in Rome, how long I should stay, and several such questions. * * * At my departure, I took leave of the Duchess of Bracciano (agreeable to the custom), and the chevalier, officiously civil, rose up, and wished me a good night. He is naturally above the middle size, but stoops excessively; he appears bloated and red in the face, his countenance heavy and sleepy, which is attributed to his having given into excess of drinking; but when a young man, he must have been esteemed handsome. His complexion is of the fair tint, his eyes blue, his hair light brown, and the contour of his face a long oval: he is by no means thin, has a noble presence and a graceful manner: his dress was scarlet, laced with a broad gold lace; he wears his blue ribbon outside of his coat, from which depends a cameo (antique) as large as the palm of my hand; and wears the same garter and motto as those of the order of St George in England: upon the whole, he has a melancholic mortified appearance."

There can be no room to doubt that about this time the habits of the unfortunate prince were undergoing a rapid change for the worse, and that he soon after began to render his wife extremely unhappy. About the year 1778, the poet Alferi, then under thirty years of age, and the most enthusiastic and passionate of mortals, became acquainted with this princess, whose character is universally allowed to have been as amiable as her person was beautiful. He first saw her in the great gallery of Florence, and, hearing her say, in reference to a portrait of Charles XII. of Sweden, that she thought the dress becoming, he astonished the inhabitants of the city by two days after appearing in the streets in an exact copy of that extraordinary uniform. A sonnet which he afterwards composed upon her, under the title of *Ritratto della mia Donna* (Description of my Mistress), has been thus translated:—

Bright are the dark locks of her braided hair;
Grecian her brow; its silken eyebrows brown;
Her eyes—oh lover, to describe forbear!
Life can their glance impart and death their frown!
Her mouth no rosebud, and no rose her cheek,
May emulate in freshness, fragrance, hue;
A voice so soft and sweet, to hear her speak
Inspires delight and pleasures ever new;
A smile to soothe all passions save despair;
A slight and graceful form; a neck of snow;
A soft white hand, and polished arm as fair;
A foot whose traces Love delights to show;
And with these outward charms which all adore,
A mind and heart more pure and perfect give;
For thee thy lover can desire no more,
Adorned by every grace and gift of heaven.

Unable at length to endure any longer the harshness of her husband, the princess employed the services of Alferi in enabling her to escape from his influence. According to a plan arranged by the poet, Charles and his wife walked one morning to a neighbouring convent, for the ostensible purpose of inspecting the work of the nuns. The princess, moving smartly in advance, entered the convent, where it had been agreed that she was to receive protection. When Charles came up, he was refused admittance, and he never saw his wife again. The princess soon after removed to Rome, where she was received with brotherly kindness by the amiable Cardinal York, and finally she proceeded to Paris. All this was accomplished without her having in the least compromised her reputation; she ultimately formed a secret alliance, as was supposed, with Alferi, with whom she lived till his death in 1803. She resided for many years after at Florence.

Even when sunk in the absolute sottishness which is so apt to befall greatly disappointed men, there were not wanting gleams of that natural spirit which led him to a hostile shore with seven men, and carried him

into the midst of three armies, each his superior; the light of a better day still gleamed fitfully on the dismoured head of the Last Stuart. When the present venerable primus of the Scottish episcopate was at Rome in the early years of the present century, he received, from the lips of Cardinal York, the following anecdote:—"Mr Greathhead, a personal friend of Mr Fox, succeeded, when at Rome in 1782 or 1783, in obtaining an interview with Charles Edward; and, being alone with him for some time, studiously led the conversation to his enterprise in Scotland, and to the occurrences which succeeded the failure of that attempt. The Prince manifested some reluctance to enter upon these topics, appearing at the same time to undergo so much mental suffering, that his guest regretted the freedom he had used in calling up the remembrance of his misfortunes. At length, however, the prince seemed to shake off the load which oppressed him; his eyes brightened, his face assumed unwonted animation, and he entered upon the narrative of his Scottish campaigns with a distinct but somewhat vehement energy of manner—recounted his marches, his battles, his victories, his retreats, and his defeats—detailed his hair-breadth escapes in the Western Isles, the inviolable and devoted attachment of his Highland friends, and at length proceeded to allude to the dreadful penalties with which the chiefs among them had been visited. But here the tide of emotion rose too high to allow him to go on—his voice faltered, his eye became fixed, and he fell convulsed on the floor. The noise brought into the room his daughter, the Duchess of Albany, who happened to be in an adjoining apartment. 'Sir,' she exclaimed, 'what is this! You have been speaking to my father about Scotland and the Highlanders! No one dares to mention these subjects in his presence!'" *

It is also an affecting, and, shall we add, redeeming circumstance in the life of this miserable prince, that the amusement of his last and lonely hours consisted in playing, on the Highland bag-pipe, those airs which, in his brighter days, soothed him in the bivouac, or led him to victory. A beautiful set of pipes, which belonged to him, having the joints bound with silver, and the bag covered with silk tartan, is now in the possession of a gentleman residing in the south of Scotland. In September 1787, the chevalier, in the prospect of an early dissolution, legitimated the Duchess of Albany, by a deed recorded in the parliament of Paris, and constituted her his sole heir. He latterly lived constantly at Florence, in a palace in the Via Battaglione, which belonged in 1818 to the Duchess San Clemente, when the Scottish gentleman who communicates this circumstance temporarily occupied it—the rooms still bearing at that time many of the crowns, mottos, and devices with which it had been decorated to suit its former inhabitant. On the 31st January 1788, Charles Stuart sunk under an attack of palsy and apoplexy, expiring in the arms of his faithful attendant Mr Nairne, son of the attainted Lord Nairne. His death occasioned a paragraph in the papers, but made little noise in the general world. In Scotland, however, where his name was associated with romantic achievement, and ancient historical recollections, there were still a few faithful hearts to bleed at the intelligence that this last of lofty line was no more. Sir Walter Scott recollects a gentleman named Stuart, a friend of his father's family, calling one day in mourning, when, being asked if he had suffered any family loss, he answered, "My poor chief,"—a brief answer, but sufficient for those to whom it was addressed. Charles was buried with due ceremony in the Cathedral of Frecatari, where his brother resided. An urn containing his heart was deposited in the same church, inscribed with a few expressive lines by the Abbate Felice. A Scottish periodical work soon after presented the following lines as a proposed epitaph for his monument at Rome:—

Remote from Britain in this foreign shrine,
Ends the last hope of Stuart's ancient line.
Reflection must excite the generous tear,
And Royalty, secure, will learn to fear.
Oh ye of Britain's bale—no more unjust,
Your hearts acknowledge here your Charles' dust.
The virtuous in the tomb their rights maintain;
Alive his virtues challenged them in vain.

Many whose destiny has never subjected them to severe trials, will deem the habits of this unhappy prince a proof that he never possessed a magnanimous character, as he must have otherwise scorned so wretched a solacement for his misfortunes. But it is obviously unfair for individuals in ordinary circumstances to appoint themselves judges in such a case. To be born with disputable pretensions, is one of the greatest of misfortunes. Even in middle life, how often do we see industry, worth, and ability, wrecked in the middle of their course, in consequence of the inheritance of some claims of property, which the law cannot be brought to sanction till it has worn out all that could have enjoyed the boon! How much severer the calamity of being born to the prospect of the highest object of human ambition—ever in view, and ever denied—to be born, in short, as Cardinal York expressed it, a king by the grace of God, but not by the will of man! It has always appeared to the present

writer, that, in the case of Prince Charles Edward, the agony of hope deferred and severe disappointment, and the degradations ultimately put upon him by individuals who by birth were no more than his equals, wore out a spirit originally vigorous and sprightly, and from which, in happier circumstances, good fruit might have been expected.

SCHOOL OF MEDICINE IN EDINBURGH.

EDINBURGH, as most persons are aware, has for a considerable period been celebrated for its educational institutions, particularly for its school of medicine; few perhaps, however, are fully acquainted with the history of this school, or how far it continues to sustain its reputation for medical knowledge. These points we shall clear up. The University or College of Edinburgh, instituted originally by King James about the year 1581, was long a mere school of theology, Latin (or humanity, as it was called), logic, and some few other branches of learning of a literary character. A professor of medicine was for the first time appointed by the Town-council in 1695; but this, and subsequent appointments of the same nature, led to little practical benefit, and the medical school continued in a very low state till 1720, when Alexander Munro being appointed to fill the chair, he struck out a new path, and began a course of lectures on anatomy and surgery. At the same time, equally spirited individuals, not connected with the University, commenced giving lectures on materia-medica and botany, the practice of medicine, and the theory of medicine. An hospital, or public infirmary, being also established, opportunities were afforded of giving clinical lectures. In a short time the Royal Medical Society was instituted, and served materially to excite improvement in the medical art.

By these energetic means the fame of the University of Edinburgh spread abroad, and students were attracted from all parts of the world to its classes. By singular good fortune, the celebrity that was at first established, was sustained by a series of professors eminent for their knowledge and abilities as teachers of medicine and other branches of knowledge. In the decade of 1770, the College possessed Dr Alexander Munro (the second of the name) as professor of anatomy and surgery; Dr William Cullen—the great Cullen, who was installed in 1756—as professor of the practice of medicine; the learned Dr John Hope, professor of botany; Dr Joseph Black, professor of chemistry, whose talents opened a way to some of the most important discoveries of modern chemistry; Dr James Gregory, as professor of the theory of medicine, and who had succeeded his father, Dr John Gregory; Andrew Dalziel, as professor of Greek; Rev. Dr Hugh Blair, as professor of rhetoric and belles-lettres; Dr Adam Ferguson, as professor of moral philosophy; Dugald Stewart, as professor of mathematics (afterwards moral philosophy); and the Principal was the Rev. William Robertson, the historian. It would hardly, we think, be possible to exhibit a catalogue of names so celebrated in the annals of literature in the roll of any university of the present day. In more recent times there have also been some professors of distinguished reputation, and, among others, the late Mr Playfair and Sir John Leslie, both eminent for their pursuit in natural philosophy. Latterly, however, year after year, the glory of the University has been growing gradually dim, not so much on account of the rising new collegiate schools in different parts of the United Kingdom, as the introduction, chiefly through the defective system of patronage, of men of moderate zeal and capabilities as teachers into the various chairs, and the absence of any stimulating or supervising power.

For a number of years, the school of medicine connected with the University has been completely outshone by a system of medical instruction established by private lecturers, who teach either on their individual responsibility, or in association with each other. In the present day, this is especially the case. So low have some of the medical classes in the College sunk in general estimation from the lax and infirm manner in which they are conducted, that many students take the tickets of certain professors merely to qualify them for examination for degrees, while they receive the whole of their instruction beyond the walls of the College from private lecturers—thus paying two sets of teachers at the same time. Most of the lecturers we speak of are Fellows of an institution called the Royal College of Surgeons, which is quite unconnected with the University, and which possesses the authority of granting diplomas in surgery. Previously to admission to this institution, each Fellow undergoes three strict examinations before all the members of the College on the different branches of medical science, and this may be considered the best guarantee to the public that those but individuals well qualified to teach are admitted. A certificate of attendance from any of these Fellows is received not only by the parent college, but by all the sister colleges, and by the Army, Navy, and East India Boards. In fact, such a certificate is received every where abroad as well as at home, except by the University of Edinburgh, and that of Glasgow—these being exactly the places in which the talents, zeal, and usefulness of the lecturers ought to be best known and most anxiously fostered and encouraged.

In consequence of the dissatisfaction entertained with reference to the University medical education, attempts have at various times been made to establish, under one management, a complete medical school, in

* The above anecdote was published a few years ago in the *Episcopal Magazine*, a work conducted by the learned Dr M. Russell, of Leith. The Duchess of Albany was the prince's natural daughter by Miss Walkingshaw, a lady whom he had met at Bannockburn House, in Scotland, and who occasioned much trouble to his friends in Britain.

which should be taught all the branches of medicine included in the curriculum prescribed by the Royal College of Surgeons. Latterly, this desirable end has been accomplished. In 1829, a medical school of the above description was set on foot, and a trial of seven or eight years has proved the entire success of the scheme. For several years, as we are told in the initiatory lecture of Dr Mackintosh for session 1836-7, there have been "more than one thousand tickets of admission to the lectures, and the aggregate number of students during the last year is very nearly equal to that attending the London University College." In the present season, 1836-7, the number has considerably increased; this rise being attributable to the more widely extended knowledge of the institution, and the increase in the number of teachers, or lecturers, who are now eight in number, as follows:—Dr Lizzars, anatomy; Dr Reid, physiology; Mr John Lizzars, surgery; Mr Skae, medical jurisprudence; Dr Murray, chemistry; Dr J. A. Robertson, surgery and materia medica; Mr Lee, natural philosophy and practical mechanics; Dr Mackintosh, pathology, practice of physic, and midwifery.

There is another reason, of an important nature, for the thriving of the Medical School of Edinburgh (locally, the Argyle Square Medical School). Young men who have studied at this and similar institutions are received for examination by the *Senatus Academicus* of the University of St Andrews, by whom the degree of M.D. is conferred. Hence, hundreds of students are now instructed in their profession as medical practitioners, who have never occasion to enter the gates of the University, and that, too, at a much cheaper rate. This we consider a very remarkable state of things, powerfully demonstrative of the evils which are inseparable from irresponsible and endowed corporate systems of instruction.

Dr Mackintosh, in the initiatory lecture to which we have referred, thus accounts for the success of the new Medical School:—“This success we attribute in a great measure to the great exertions we have made, in the building, at our own expense, large and well-ventilated class-rooms—to our rendering the anatomical rooms complete in every requisite, thus ensuring the health and comfort of our pupils—to our museums being stored with valuable preparations and drawings—and to our unceasing but humble endeavours to discharge efficiently our duties as teachers. We are all well aware that our status, nay, in some instances, our means of subsistence, depend on our success in teaching; hence, every opportunity of adding to our museums, or of otherwise illustrating our lectures, is eagerly sought after, and every nerve is strained to render our lectures attractive and instructive. But I apprehend, that, had we been endowed with privileges and monopolies similar to those enjoyed by teachers in certain universities, we should by this time have relaxed in our exertions, and become less efficient as your instructors, knowing that our rooms and pockets would both be filled, however indifferent our lectures might be, or inadequate our means of illustration. Such, in fact, is the necessary result of monopoly. At the time of the erection of universities, it was perhaps necessary to hold out some strong pecuniary inducement for men of talent to devote themselves to the investigation of the deeper parts of the medical profession, and to the instruction of youth. But in the present day there is no such want, and we have now to guard against those establishments doing injury, by allowing them to become hotbeds of indolence, and an encouragement to individuals to hold their chairs, when, from age, infirmities, or other causes, they have been rendered incapable of occupying them with credit to themselves, or advantage to the public. Recollecting the statement made to you of our success, it may appear that the members of this Medical School have no reason to complain of the monopoly enjoyed by the teachers in the University—but it is of the principle we complain; we have succeeded in spite of a bad system, not in consequence of it. However great may be the sacrifice, either of public feeling or private interests, means ought to be resorted to, to ensure the best education, more especially in so important a profession as that of medicine. It appears to me that there cannot be a more simple and effectual manner, than admitting a certain degree of competition, such as exists amongst those who are termed private or extra-collegiate teachers. If a lecturer appear among us who is either incapable of adequately discharging the duties of his office, or if he relax in his endeavours, he at once receives the strongest possible hint to retire, by the desertion of his pupils. Hence we find, that while the classes of all good teachers are well attended by diligent and attentive students, the rooms of the inefficient are either nearly empty, or filled, by compulsory means, with a listless or turbulent set of young men, who nevertheless behave with propriety in every other place.

The period has now arrived when such things can no longer be suffered to continue; and I may congratulate you that monopolies in the teaching of medicine now no longer exist. The alterations of the laws made by the *Senatus Academicus* of St Andrews, corresponding to those of Oxford and Cambridge, and the determination of his Majesty to establish a Metropolitan University in London, to confer degrees in medicine on all who have received the requisite instruction, whether within or without the walls of universities, and have undergone a proper examination by gentlemen of distinguished merit and undoubted honour, who have no pecuniary interest in the result of the

trial, or bias in favour of this or that school, at once destroy all injurious monopolies, and force upon the Professors of Edinburgh and Glasgow that wholesome competition for which we have for a number of years been anxiously contending.”*

We now then see, that, in the present day, the medical education conferred in Edinburgh emanates from two distinct and rival institutions—the one corporate, endowed, and possessing considerable monopolies; the other established and supported on a principle like that of ordinary trade, and thriving to an extent which some years ago could not possibly have been anticipated. We conclude this simple sketch with the following table, showing the number of medical students attending the University classes, and those attending private lecturers in Edinburgh, during two sessions:—

UNIVERSITY.	PRIVATE LECTURERS.		
1832-3.	1833-4.	1832-3.	1833-4.
1273 students.	1045 students.	1851 students.	1978 students.

STORY OF THE ABOLITION OF TORTURE IN FRANCE.†

DURING my stay in Paris, a good many years ago, I had the good fortune to be introduced to Madame de Haqueville, a lady of an ancient and noble family, and far advanced in years. My venerable friend, for so I love to call her, was an interesting relic, in manners, appearance, and sentiments, of the days of Louis XVI., without partaking in the slightest degree of the loose morality and free-thinking tone which characterised the fashionable circles of that period. The troubles of the revolution had driven Madame de Haqueville into exile; and when she returned to her native land at the restoration, although her family's property was in part restored to her, she had the misfortune to find that she alone, of all her house, was left to enjoy it. But she was not alone in the world, not altogether solitary; for she had still many friends surviving, ruins like herself of a former age, to whom she was, as it were, a centre and rallying point. Her house was the meeting-place of a little society of persons of both sexes, all of whom, like its mistress, were so far advanced in years as to recollect, and to have mixed in, the scenes of the old monarchy. Most of them, too, were descended of families of rank and importance in those bygone days, and it was to those days that the recollections of all of them turned. They were all, as may be supposed, stanch royalists; but most of them had suffered too many misfortunes themselves to speak or think with bitterness of any of the parties which had from time to time been predominant in their native country. Their reflections upon the departed glories of the *vieille cour*—the old court—were naturally tinged with a degree of melancholy, but malice or revenge were feelings unknown to the gentle bosoms of the venerable relics who composed Madame de Haqueville's society. To this account of them I shall only add, that in dress, as in sentiments, they clung tenaciously to the customs of an elder day, and resembled antique portraits that had walked out of their frames, in all the pride of ruffles and bag-ties.

Into this society, Madame de Haqueville's friendship for me procured me an entrance, an honour rarely granted to strangers. I made free use of the privilege accorded to me, and presented myself every evening at my friend's house, at the hour when the party invariably met. At these meetings, it is true, I was more a spectator than an actor, but it gave me inexpressible pleasure to look upon these interesting beings, to hear their pensive remembrances of old times, and to witness their tender kindness for one another, old-fashioned though their bows, curtsies, and gallantries were. One evening, I presented myself at Madame de Haqueville's a little before the usual hour. I found the old lady (she was an octogenarian, as several of her friends also were) waiting for her visitors. After receiving her kind and never omitted welcome, I began to converse with my friend, and chanced to express my surprise at the regularity with which her party uniformly assembled. “Yes,” said the old lady, “I can tell to a minute the time at which each will be here. The first who will arrive is the Baron de Grignolles. At twenty minutes past eight, he will place himself in that chair.” “The Baron de Grignolles,” said I, “is the tall old gentleman with so erect a figure, and hair scarcely tinged with grey—is he not?” Time seems to have laid a gentle hand upon him, or perhaps his life has been free from toil or misfortune.” “It is not so, my friend,” replied Madame de Haqueville; “the Baron has suffered much in his life. I may relate to you one remarkable event in his history, as it wants yet a few minutes of his time of arrival. During the revolutionary troubles, when he was still very young, the Baron was arrested and thrown into a dungeon, or rather turret, on the banks of the Loire. Here he pined for some time without hope of release, and looking forward to no

* In Paris, for a number of years, diplomas and degrees have been granted to all candidates who showed themselves worthy of them on examination, without any regard to the teachers or schools under whose care the candidates had pursued their studies, and, indeed, without any inquiry into these points. In London, also, this system has been partially adopted within a short period; and, without doubt, it is the system upon which all examinations of this character will be ultimately conducted.—E. C. J.

† Translated from the French.

other fate than the guillotine when his time for sentence came. That time came at length, and the Baron was decreed to die within a few hours after his trial. During his stay in the tower, however, the Baron had ingratiated himself with the jailor's wife, by fondling and praising her child, whom the woman sometimes carried in her arms, when she brought the prisoner's food. ‘Let the poor youth see the sun once more,’ said the woman to her husband when the order for the Baron's execution came; ‘let him come and eat at our table, and look from our window on the river beneath, and the green fields!’ The jailor consented, and the Baron was brought by the wife to her room. The condemned captive did look from the narrow open window upon the sun, and the fields, and the broad and deep river which ran close to the walls of the prison. After gazing in silence on these objects for some time, the Baron turned round, and began to fondle the jailor's child. He took it in his arms; he again approached the window; he raised the child, and in one instant let it drop, as if by accident, from the window into the river! The jailor and his wife ran from one side of the room to another for a moment in distraction, while the Baron endeavoured to pass his body through the window, for the purpose of recovering the fallen infant. Alas! it was too narrow; he could not force himself through. But the jailor, as the captive had anticipated, seeing that unless some one got out immediately, the child was lost, came behind the Baron, and pushed him out by the feet. A minute afterwards, and the Baron was seen bearing the child to the opposite bank, where he left it uninjured. The further particulars of his escape,” continued Madame de Haqueville, looking at her watch, “I cannot tell you at present, for the Baron is now crossing the courtyard.” The lady was right; he entered the room immediately afterwards.

After a number of the party had made their appearance, and had sat down one after another to the little card-tables ranged round the room, Madame de Haqueville, who occupied herself in receiving her visitors, and by whose side I still kept, said to me in a low voice, “The next who will enter is Madame d'Aiguer.” “The lady who keeps her right hand constantly concealed in so remarkable a manner beneath her shawl?” asked I. “No,” replied my friend; “the lady to whom you allude is Madame de Casa-Bianca, the widow of a distinguished general, who served in Italy. To her and to her husband I chiefly owe the preservation of my property. Madame de Casa-Bianca's heart is one full of the noblest qualities.” “And for what reason, may I ask, does she keep her right hand always concealed?” “I do not know,” was Madame de Haqueville's reply; “nor have I ever asked. My doing so might wound her feelings, and I love better to retain a dear friend, than to risk her loss for the gratification of idle curiosity.”

Madame d'Aiguer now entered, and my hostess, after welcoming her, said to me, “The next entry will be that of the president, or rather ex-president, Le Page, who has but lately joined our society here, though long ago he was well known to us all.” The president, accordingly, soon made his appearance, and was followed shortly after by Madame de Casa-Bianca, the lady who had excited my interest by the concealment of her hand. Neither this lady nor our hostess joined the card parties, and I would willingly have conversed with them, but was called upon to join a set at one of the tables. The party continued to be thus occupied and divided until an old marquis cried, “Come, my friends, it is not courteous to our hostess to leave her to sit alone. Let us join Madame de Haqueville and Madame de Casa-Bianca.” All present in a short time followed this advice. “Come, M. le president de Page,” said Madame de Haqueville, as we sat around the fire, “tell us a story of what you have seen in past times.” “Of what epoch, madame?” asked the president, “for there are three in my life; the first of my presidency, the second of my exile, and the third of my soldiership.” “Tell us a story of your first era—your presidency.”

“At an early period of life,” said he, “I was appointed president of one of the highest courts in France. The rank of my family, it must be admitted, was the chief cause of my being elevated to that high situation, though, without vanity, I may say that I had distinguished myself in my studies more than most of my young contemporaries. Placed near the summit of society by the office which I filled, I strove, upon entering on it, to mitigate the rigour of the laws which it was my duty to put in force. These laws were at the time barbarously severe; and though the execution of them was often softened, the edicts still remained, a disgrace to our national code, and judges had it in their power, if they so willed, to push them to extremity. The most cruel of the laws to which I allude was the edict permitting the *question*, or *torture*, to be applied to suspected or accused persons, which edict, up till 1789, formed part of our national code. This particular remnant of barbarism was seldom put in practice; but others, not so openly savage perhaps, were frequently put in force, and these I strove, as I have said, to mitigate. I had colleagues, however, who neither concurred with me in opinion nor practice, and who accused me of seeking popularity at the expense of my duty. As I would not yield to them, nor alter my conduct, I acquired their deepest dislike, and they endeavoured, by concerting among themselves, to thwart me in every possible way. They seemed to grow more and more severe every day; and as it was my duty to

pronounce the decrees which they formed, whatever these decrees were, the unpopularity consequent upon them fell principally upon me. At last, as a consummation to their severity, they decreed the revival of the torture in certain branches of the criminal law, and I was obliged to submit to their wishes, and announce the revival of the cruel practice from my seat of office. I did not sit down tamely and see this barbarity put in force, which shocked me to the soul. But all my remonstrances and applications for its suppression were fruitless.

I must now turn back, and relate a circumstance which occurred five years before this revival of a custom that threw dishonour on a civilised land. I was then a student of law, and attending the lectures at the Sorbonne. One day, on issuing with a number of my companions from the scene of our studies, a young girl met me on the stairs of the Sorbonne, threw her arms around my neck, and called me 'her brother.' It was Françoise, my foster-sister. Her mother, my good nurse, had died, and Françoise had come all the way from Montereau to Paris, a journey of twenty leagues, and across the snow, to see me, and to claim my love. She did not ask in vain; I became indeed a brother to her, established her in my house, and gave her an education which fostered into strength all her naturally noble qualities.

This occurred, I have said, some years before the revival of the torture. That torture, as I have also said, I struggled in vain to suppress, believing it, and, alas! seeing it, to be the scourge of innocence, and attended, even with cruelty and injustice. But my voice and my influence were exerted to no purpose. At this epoch I was robbed. I carried my complaint before the public prosecutor, who was my friend and fellow-official. The article stolen was a snuff-box, set with diamonds, and of great value both because of its richness, and because it had been my father's. The public prosecutor first searched my own house, and it was not necessary to go farther; for there the box was found, concealed in the trunk of Françoise, my foster-sister.¹ At this part of the president's recital, there was a general movement of surprise among Madame de Haquerville's guests. The president himself appeared much affected by the recollections called up in his mind. He continued. "Françoise, my foster-sister, who had come over the snow to me from Montereau, was dragged before the judges, my colleagues, who, relying, they said, upon my impartiality, caused me to preside over them, as usual. Françoise at first denied all, declaring her ignorance of the robbery, and any thing connected with it, and calling upon me to recollect her mother, Montereau, the snows she had traversed to embrace me on the steps of the Sorbonne, and our having fed at the same breast.

In prosecution of my duty, I ordered the torture to be applied. The arm of Françoise was bared, and the terrible instrument was applied to her hand. Françoise shrieked at the outset; and, oh, those cries! and that look fixed upon me! A sword has passed through me, but that look pierced me more keenly. As the torture proceeded, Françoise cried less and less. The officials crushed, according to custom, finger after finger, until the whole hand was bruised. Friends," said the president, at this part of his story, "Françoise was innocent. I knew it. It was I who had placed the box in the trunk of the noble-minded girl, in order to make her be tried and condemned!"

Horror pervaded the minds of Madame de Haquerville's party on hearing this shocking confession, but the president, after passing his hand over his eyes, continued, in a broken voice, "Françoise at length avowed herself the author of the theft, and fainted, crying that I was her foster-brother, and that she had come across the snow to embrace me upon the stairs of the Sorbonne! Friends," continued the president, "the sufferings to which that innocent girl was subjected, through my instrumental, had the object in view of freeing the land from a dreadful evil, and the sacrifice had the effect which was contemplated. Would that the victim, who, on her liberation afterwards, fled unknown to me from Paris, and whom I never again saw, knew that her foster-brother was conscious of her innocence!"

At these words, like a shade conjured up from the tomb, a figure rose from the side of Madame de Haquerville, and slowly advanced towards the president, her eyes swimming in tears, and one hand engaged in pulling off, evidently with pain, the glove from the other. It was Madame de Casa-Bianca. The president, on seeing her movements, rose from his seat in great agitation, and extending his arms, while his eyes gazed fixedly on the approaching lady, exclaimed, "Can it be! Françoise! have I met you without knowing it? Why did you not reveal yourself?" "But now," said the lady, equally agitated, "but now, I learned your knowledge of my innocence!" Let us draw a veil over the further expressions of recognition and affection which fell from these aged friends, as they sobbed, wept, and embraced each other. Suffice it to say, that the president heard the words of pardon pronounced, and again and again lifted reverentially to his lips and heart the bruised monument of the pain he had been the means of inflicting. Let us proceed with his explanation of his motives for this seemingly horrible deed.

"On the night following Françoise's sufferings," continued the president, "there was a ball at court; I appeared there, and sought the speech of the king, Louis XVI. 'Sire,' said I, bending my knee to the

earth, 'this day my foster-sister has been accused of robbery, and, being put to the torture, has confessed the crime.'

"Very well, she must suffer for it," said the king. 'Sire! this robbery is an invention of my own.' The king recoiled with horror. 'How! what means this?' he exclaimed. 'Sire! I wished to prove to France that the torture is the source of the most frightful injustice—the destroyer of truth and innocence. To this cause I have sacrificed the being whom I love best on earth. Oh! let her trials, Sire, not have been in vain!' The king placed his hand on his forehead; his great officers stood by. Turning to them, his majesty said, 'From this hour let the torture no more disgrace the laws of France!'

THE HEATING OF APARTMENTS.

THE heating of a common room, by a common coal fire, is, upon the whole, one against which scarcely any exception can be taken. The heat is given by fair radiation, and is, of course healthy. The fire also is constantly drawing a stream of fresh air into the apartment, by which a ventilation as effectual as can be considered necessary, is kept up. By this mode, however, an immense waste of fuel is unavoidable. By far the greater part of the heat usually goes up the chimney. Nor is it unworthy of notice, that common fires produce smoke, and that this smoke sometimes cannot be prevailed upon to go up the chimney as it ought to do. The common fire, moreover, is inapplicable to a very large apartment, and to public buildings, such as schools, churches, &c.

For large buildings stoves are in general use. A stream of air is heated by hot iron, and carried in pipes to different parts of the building. Such is the plan adopted in most churches. It is not generally known, or, if known, it is too much overlooked, that air heated by iron is injurious to health. The natural atmosphere is by this process desiccated or dried; the aqueous particles and animal matters constantly floating in it, are decomposed; it is charged with sulphurous fumes from the iron; and, lastly, by the drying, it gets into a state highly electric. In fact, the air from a hot stove is exactly of the same virulent kind which on a larger scale produces the *simeon* of Africa, so dreaded for its fatal effects upon all who come in its way. A striking illustration of the bad effects of heated air upon the human constitution, is presented in a paper by Dr Andrew Ure, in a late number of *Loudoun's Architectural Magazine*. This gentleman had been called professionally, by the Directors of the Customs Fund of Life Assurance, to consider the very general state of indisposition and disease prevailing among those of their officers (nearly two hundred in number) engaged on duty in the Long Room of the Custom House, London. Out of a large number, he found twenty, whom he examined, to be affected by fulness in the head, occasional flushings of the countenance, throbbing of the temples, and vertigo, followed not unfrequently by a confusion of ideas, while they had generally to complain of a remarkable coldness and languor in the extremities. Dr Ure at once connected these symptoms with the mode of heating the rooms in which the officers usually sat. They are heated by a blast of air of from 90 to 170 degrees of the thermometer, by plates of cast metal kept in a state of red heat by a furnace. This air rushes into the apartments by a tunnel which opens in the centre of the floor; it is somewhat reduced in the Long Room by a regulated blast of cold air; but in the Examiners' Room it comes forth in its full strength of 170 degrees; a heat, we suspect, not inferior to that of the *simeon*, and obviously calculated to be fatal to any one coming within its immediate range. That such a fatal process should be in regular and unchallenged operation in one of the most important government offices in the country, and in the midst of the city of London, shows very strikingly how little way useful knowledge has yet advanced amongst us. We know, as savages do, that if we put our hand into a fire, it will be burnt; but let any similar effect flow a little less directly from a similar cause, and we ignorantly submit to it as something unavoidable.

Those who are aware of the comparative activity of mind and alacrity in the reception of improved plans of all kinds, displayed in manufacturing communities, will not be surprised to learn, that, while government offices, churches, and many other establishments, are heated by processes fatal to health, heating apparatus of a perfectly salutary kind has been in use for many years among the great factories of the west of England, and in other seats of industry throughout the empire. Cast-iron pipes pervade these establishments, kept at a certain high temperature, by means of a stream of steam constantly flowing through them; by the heat radiated from the surface of the pipes, the various apartments are kept in a state of perfect comfort, without any noxious principle whatever being called into force.

Another plan, of a still simpler kind, has been invented by the ingenious Perkins of London, and is coming into use even in this northern part of the kingdom. A house, or public establishment, or any portion of either, is furnished with a metal pipe, which either circles round and round the walls behind the plaster or *belting*, or is introduced at one particular part of the room, where it is neatly screened behind a frame of open iron-work. In a cellar or other low

apartment, there is a furnace, into which a coil of the pipe is introduced. When the pipe has been filled with water by an aperture at the top of the house, and fire has been applied to the furnace, the process speedily comes into operation. The water at the bottom catching the heat, ascends, by virtue of a well-known law, to the top of the house; cold particles at the same time come down, to supply the place of what has ascended. In time the whole of the water from the top down to the bottom is heated, and the process is then in full operation, after which it is only necessary to keep up a fire sufficient to maintain the water at 212 degrees of Fahrenheit, or boiling point. The feature of this plan which reflects most lustre on the inventor, is its *simplicity*: he has merely taken advantage of a familiar law of nature. The first house in Scotland heated upon Mr Perkins's principle, was the publishing warehouse of Mr Robert Cadell, in St Andrews Square, Edinburgh; it has been attended, in that instance, as we have ascertained, with perfect success, and a great saving of fuel.

While the heat radiated from steam or hot-water pipes is quite healthy, there is a contingent circumstance in these processes, which, if not provided for, may be attended with evil consequences. *They do nothing for ventilation.* A close room, heated by such pipes, though receiving no atmospheric contamination from the process itself, would soon, if fully occupied by human beings, become unhealthy. Here a common fire, by its so necessarily producing ventilation, has superiority over the steam and hot-water process. Yet this may be provided against—and is, in reality, provided against in the most of the factories. The use of the apartments is drawn off by means of a piece of machinery called a *ventilating fan*, placed at the top of a chimney in connection with the apartments—a stream of fresh air being constantly supplied to fill in place. Thus the great end of ventilation is effected, namely, that no two inspirations shall include any portion of the same air.

An account of this fan is given in Dr Ure's *Philosophy of Manufactures*. It seems an instrument of great power. Its purpose is to do that which is usually done in chimneys by the heating of the air; but it acts with a force which puts all the expedients of the smoke-doctors to shame. In order to convey a notion of its comparative power, it is necessary, in the first place, to state the principle by which the suction in ordinary chimneys is produced. *When air is raised from freezing to boiling heat, it expands to three-eighths more than in former volume*; in other words, it is increased as from 8 to 11. A column of air in a tube or chimney thus elevated in temperature, has a tendency to move upwards, equal in strength to the difference between the weight of the column of cold air, whose space it may be said to occupy, and its own weight. If we suppose a chimney 150 feet high, and that it is supplied by a furnace with air at the boiling point, or 212°, while the atmosphere without is at the freezing point, or 32°, the heated air will expand to a volume which would require a chimney three-elevenths or 56 $\frac{1}{3}$ feet higher to contain it. The velocity with which it will rush up the chimney will be in proportion to this difference, and exactly equal to the velocity which a solid body would acquire by falling from the height of 56 $\frac{1}{3}$ feet. Such are the results, free from certain drawbacks on account of contingent circumstances. And such are the means by which the smoke of our common fires is caused to ascend in our chimneys, the draught being invariably in proportion to the difference between the weight of the column of air within the chimney, and the weight of the air without. Hence it is, that short chimneys in upper floors are so much more apt to smoke than others, the difference between the weight of the column within and the exterior air being too small to effect a draught.

Now, the suction produced by the fan is so much more powerful, that a steam-engine of one horse power has been found to drive one which had nearly twice the effect produced by fuel equal to twenty horse power. In precise terms, it was found in this particular case, as reported by Dr Ure in the *Architectural Magazine*, that the economy of ventilation by the fan was to that by the chimney draught as 38 to 1. The fan has also the advantage of dispensing with tall chimneys.

It is our impression, that, in this branch of domestic economy, we are at the threshold of some great revolution not less wonderful than the recent change from oil and candles to gas in lighting. The simplicity and regularity of the principle of Mr Perkins's invention renders it quite possible that a large city might be heated by hot water emanating from some great fountain, in the same way as it is at present lighted. From one large boiler in the lowest level of the city, great pipes might be led along the streets, and smaller ones into the houses, exactly as gas is at present conducted; so that a housemaid, instead of lighting a number of fires in the morning, would have nothing to do but to turn a stopcock, and let in a stream of warm water into the house. There would of course be a considerable waste of heat in the main pipes throughout the streets; yet, even with this drawback, the saving would be immense. Whatever might be the waste in the passage

* The chief, if not the only, obstacle, which stands in the way of the general introduction of this process, is its great expense. On lately making inquiry as to the cost of fitting up a warehouse of three floors with the heating apparatus, we were informed it would be upwards of £1113. We, of course, though with considerable regret, abandoned the project.

there could be no failure of heat in the branch-pipes. The heated water would proceed to the remotest extremities of the city with as much certainty as that with which water at all times finds its level. The speed with which the heated particles travel upwards is very great. When fire was first applied to one of Perkins and Heath's boilers in a great clothing establishment in Edinburgh, one of the persons employed ran up stairs with all possible speed to ascertain the first moment when the hot water should ascend to the top: he found it already there. Nothing could prevent its progress, though the distance were many miles, provided that the heat applied to the boiler be sufficient.

LOCKHART'S MEMOIRS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SECOND VOLUME.

This volume embraces the part of Scott's life between 1804 to 1812. It describes him in the vigour of his manhood and the rise of his literary reputation. Full details are given respecting his great poetical achievements, the Lay of the Last Minstrel, Marmion, and the Lady of the Lake—also respecting the numerous tasks in editing and annotating which he undertook, the business connections he formed with the Messrs Ballantyne, and his political opinions and appearances. The dryness inseparable from literary biography affects this volume a little, notwithstanding the graceful and unaffected plenitude of Mr Lockhart's narrative, and the thickly interspersed extracts from Scott's own letters. It also subjects the poet of the borders to a severe ordeal, in the freedom with which it exhibits his struggles for income and his fervours as a partisan. Fault-finding aside, the book is a valuable contribution to modern literary history.

Some of the most interesting parts of the present volume relate to Scott's early domestic life, when living at the lone villa of Ashiestiel, on the banks of the Tweed, surrounded by a young and happy family. The following is one of these passages:—

"The farmer at whose annual *kirn* [or harvest-home] Scott and all his household were regular guests, was Mr Laidlaw, the Duke of Buccleugh's tenant on the lands of Peel, which are only separated from the eastern terrace of Ashiestiel by the ravine and its brook. Mr Laidlaw was himself possessed of some landed property in the same neighbourhood, and being considered as wealthy, and fond of his wealth, was usually called among the country people *Laird Nippy*; an expressive designation, which it would be difficult to translate. Though a very dry, demure, and taciturn old presbyterian, he could not resist the sheriff's jokes; nay, he even gradually subdued his scruples so far, as to become a pretty constant attendant at his 'English printed prayers' on the Sundays; which, indeed, were by this time rather more popular than quite suited the capacity of the parlour-chapel. Mr Laidlaw's wife was a woman of superior mind and manners—a great reader, and one of the few to whom Scott liked lending his books; for most strict and delicate was he always in the care of them, and, indeed, hardly any trivial occurrence ever seemed to touch his temper at all, except any thing like irreverent treatment of a book. The intercourse between the family at Ashiestiel and this worthy woman and her children, was a constant interchange of respect and kindness; but I remember to have heard Scott say that the greatest compliment he had ever received in his life was from the rigid old farmer himself; for, years after he had left Ashiestiel, he discovered casually that special care had been taken to keep the turf seat on the *Shirra's knoos* in good repair; and this was much from Nippy.

And here I must set down a story which, most readers will smile to be told, was often repeated by Scott, and always with an air that seemed to me, in spite of his endeavours to the contrary, as grave as the usual aspect of Laird Nippy of the Peel. This neighbour was a distant kinsman of his dear friend William Laidlaw—so distant, that elsewhere in that condition they would scarcely have remembered any community of blood—but they both traced their descent, in the ninth degree, to an ancestress who, in the days of John Knox, fell into trouble from a suspicion of witchcraft. In her time the Laidlaws were rich and prosperous, and held rank among the best gentry of Tweeddale; but in some evil hour, her husband, the head of his blood, reproached her with her addiction to the black art, and she, in her anger, cursed the name and lineage of Laidlaw. Her only son, who stood by, implored her to revoke the malediction; but in vain. Next day, however, on the renewal of his entreaties, she carried him with her into the woods, made him slay a heifer, sacrificed it to the power of evil in his presence, and then, collecting the ashes in her apron, invited the youth to see her commit them to the river. 'Follow them,' said she, 'from stream to pool, as long as they float visible, and as many streams as you shall then have passed, for so many generations shall your descendants prosper. After that they shall like the rest of the name be poor, and take their part in my curse.' The streams he counted were nine; and now, Scott would say, 'look round you in this country, and sure enough the Laidlaws are one and all landless men, with the single exception of Auld Nippy!' Many times had I heard both him and William Laidlaw tell this story, before any suspicion got abroad that Nippy's wealth rested on insecure foundations. Year after year, we never escort a stranger by the Peel, but I heard the tale;

—and at last it came with a new conclusion—' and now, think whatever we choose of it, my good friend Nippy is a bankrupt.'

Mr Morritt's mention of the 'happy young family clustered round him' at Laird Nippy's *kirn*, reminds me that I ought to say a few words on Scott's method of treating his children in their early days. He had now two boys and two girls—and he never had more. He was not one of those who take much delight in a mere infant; but no father ever devoted more time and tender care to his offspring than he did to each of his, as they successively reached the age when they could listen to him and understand his talk. Like their mute playmates, Camp and the greyhounds, they had at all times free access to his study; he never considered their tattle as any disturbance; they went and came as pleased their fancy; he was always ready to answer their questions; and when they, unconscious how he was engaged, entreated him to lay down his pen and tell them a story, he would take them on his knee, repeat a ballad or a legend, kiss them, and set them down again to their marbles or ninepins, and resume his labour as if refreshed by the interruption. From a very early age he made them dine at table, and 'to sit up to supper' was the great reward when they had been 'very good bairns.' In short, he considered it as the highest duty as well as the sweetest pleasure of a parent to be the companion of his children; he partook all their little joys and sorrows, and made his kind uniform instructions to blend so easily and playfully with the current of their own sayings and doings, that so far from regarding him with any distant awe, it was never thought that any sport or diversion could go on in the right way, unless *papa* were of the party, or that the rainiest day could be dull so he were at home.

Of the irregularity of his own education he speaks with considerable regret, in the autobiographical fragment written this year at Ashiestiel; yet his practice does not look as if that feeling had been strongly rooted in his mind;—for he never did show much concern about regulating systematically what is usually called education in the case of his own children. It seemed, on the contrary, as if he attached little importance to any thing else, so he could perceive that the young curiosity was excited—the intellect, by whatever springs of interest, set in motion. He detested and despised the whole generation of modern children's books, in which the attempt is made to convey accurate notions of scientific minutiae: delighting cordially, on the other hand, in those of the preceding age, which, addressing themselves chiefly to the imagination, obtain through it, as he believed, the best chance of stirring our graver faculties also. He exercised the memory, by selecting for tasks of recitation passages of popular verse the most likely to catch the fancy of children; and gradually familiarised them with the ancient history of their own country, by arresting attention, in the course of his own oral narrations, on incidents and characters of a similar description. Nor did he neglect to use the same means of quickening curiosity as to the events of sacred history. On Sunday he never rode—at least not until his growing infirmity made his pony almost necessary to him—for it was his principle that all domestic animals have a full right to their Sabbath of rest; but after he had read the church service, he usually walked with his whole family, dogs included, to some favourite spot at a considerable distance from the house—most frequently the ruined tower of Elibank—and there dined with them in the open air on a basket of cold provisions, mixing his wine with the water of the brook beside which they all were grouped around him on the turf; and here, or at home, if the weather kept them from their ramble, his Sunday talk was just such a series of biblical lessons as that which we have preserved for the permanent use of rising generations, in his Tales of a Grandfather, on the early history of Scotland. I wish he had committed that other series to writing too;—how different that would have been from our thousand compilations of dead epitome and imbecile cant! He had his Bible, the Old Testament especially, by heart; and on these days inow with the simple pathos or sublime enthusiasm of Scripture, in whatever story he was telling, with the same picturesque richness as he did, in his week-day tales, the quaint Scotch of Pitcavie, or some rude romantic old rhyme from Barbour's Bruce, or Blind Harry's Wallace.

By many external accomplishments, either in girl or boy, he set little store. He delighted to hear his daughters sing an old ditty, or one of his own framing; but, so the singer appeared to feel the spirit of her ballad, he was not at all critical of the technical execution. There was one thing, however, on which he fixed his heart hardly less than the ancient Persians of the Cyropaedia; like them, next to love of truth he held love of horsemanship for the prime point of education. As soon as his eldest girl could sit a pony,

she was made the regular attendant of his mountain rides; and they all, as they attained sufficient strength, had the like advancement. He taught them to think nothing of tumbles, and habituated them to his own reckless delight in perilous fords and flooded streams; and they all imbibed in great perfection his passion for horses—as well, I may venture to add, as his deep reverence for the more important article of that Persian training. 'Without courage,' he said, 'there cannot be truth; and without truth there can be no other virtue.'

He had a horror of boarding-schools; never allowed his girls to learn any thing out of his own house; and chose their governess—(Miss Miller)—who about this time was domesticated with them, and never left them while they needed one—with far greater regard to her kind good temper and excellent moral and religious principles, than to the measure of her attainments in what are called fashionable accomplishments. The admirable system of education for boys in Scotland combines all the advantages of public and private instruction; his carried their satchels to the High School, when the family was in Edinburgh, just as he had done before them, and shared of course the evening society of their happy home. But he rarely, if ever, left them in town, when he could himself be in the country; and at Ashiestiel he was, for ever, or for his eldest boy's daily tutor, after he began Latin."

SHIPWRECK OF THE ENGLAND OF NEWCASTLE.

HAVING paid for a passage homeward from Quebec, on board the England of Newcastle, a vessel of 400 tons burthen, laden with timber, and bound for Greenock, I lost no time in taking possession of my berth, and found that I was the only passenger. The vessel set sail with a pilot on board, on the 9th of November 1835. Nothing remarkable occurred while in the river, except that we had to come to anchor on account of a heavy snow-storm, and lay to for about twenty-four hours, when we weighed anchor and set sail, our pilot leaving us the next day. In sailing through the Gulf of St Lawrence, we one night saw the aurora borealis of a splendid red colour, and both master and seamen remarked that they had frequently seen it of a deep yellow or orange colour, inclining to red, but never before had seen it of such a blood-red hue. We all conjectured that the appearance portended a violent storm, but to our great delight the wind continued favourable, and the weather remarkably fine for several days. On the 20th, however, it began to blow fresh from the north-west, and up to the 23d it increased, till it amounted to a hurricane. Our ship was now obliged to run before the gale under close-reefed fore-top-sails. She also laboured much, and two men were placed at the wheel which governs the rudder. The sea had become tremendous, and our master was evidently under great trepidation, and a good deal alarmed. Being unable to go on deck himself, he was constantly calling down the mate, and asking how matters looked on deck. It was proposed to heave her to; but it was our captain's opinion, that in such a heavy gale to do so would prove at once fatal; he advised them to stand firm by the wheel, and keep her scudding.

The night which now closed in upon us, will never be obliterated from my remembrance. I was sitting by the cabin-fire, occasionally going up the companion ladder or stair, to see how things looked, the master moving up and down the cabin, much discomposed, when a tremendous sea broke over the stern of the vessel, carrying destruction before it. The wheel came down with a crash through the cabin sky-light in broken fragments, and in an instant we were in total darkness. The floor of our cabin was almost immediately covered with water, and a scene of horror and confusion ensued, which beggars description. The two men that had been at the wheel came down the companion, having fortunately caught hold of something as the water dashed them forward on the deck. In a few minutes all hands were down in the cabin; and having good tinder-boxes, we soon struck a light again, and getting a lantern, all hands went on deck except the captain. The state of the deck was terrible to look at; the hammocks swept overboard, with great part of the bulwarks; the water-casks broke loose, and going to pieces. After getting the helm lashed, and keeping the ship to, the wind moderating a little, we went to the pumps, and found she was leaking considerably. All hands at once yoked to the duty of pumping. We wrought incessantly all night, and found that by doing so we could keep the water from gaining. We all joined in the work except the captain, who was in a bad state of health, and had been so for a considerable time before. The one-half rested while the other pumped. When the morning came, to our utter consternation we found our rudder had been broken, and rendered quite useless. It only hung together, and kept flapping violently against the stern of the vessel, at every blow breaking, and opening the seams of the ship. At length the broken part detached itself, leaving nothing but a small part of the stern hanging in the rudder trunk, and the planks so shattered that the water was coming in in torrents. To stop the leak was now found to be impossible, and we discovered that all our pumping was of no avail. Our only comfort was, that we had a firm timber-laden ship

* Communicated by one of the sufferers.

under us, and of course were all aware, that, though she filled, she would not sink. We had therefore no other alternative but to prepare with the utmost dispatch for taking refuge in the rigging, seeing that the water would soon be level with the deck.

We were at this time near the outer edge of the great bank of Newfoundland. The weather was excessively cold, blowing hard with snow and sleet, and we could only contemplate how difficult it would be for us to survive on the rigging of a ship in such a dismal situation at such an inclement season; at the same time the sea was breaking over the decks, every moment threatening to overwhelm us. In a state bordering on despair, we packed up a few small bags of biscuit, a little beef and pork, and two casks of water, which we soon had in readiness; these we hoisted up under the main-top; then seizing our blankets, we all went aloft, some to the fore, some to the main top, while our ship was filling very fast. It was however thought advisable, previously to going aloft, and we had every reason afterwards to congratulate ourselves for having done so, to knock out the stern and bow ports, and open the hatches, so as to give the water ingress and egress; without this precaution, in all likelihood our decks would have burst by the working of the water beneath, and our timber have shifted; and the melancholy catastrophe that would have immediately ensued on this taking place, can easily be imagined; indeed, the shifting of a single log would have been the signal of our fate. The first night we stopped on the rigging was the second after the ship was struck, and most miserable quarters we had.

The ship, now thoroughly water-logged, was pitching and rolling, and we had to lash ourselves to the mast. What a prospect lay before us, in such a cold latitude, at such a season, in the middle of the Western Ocean, and the long winter nights, with neither rudder nor compass, and storms and tempests to encounter! The horrors of our situation can be imagined, but cannot be described. Our captain was a man up in years, with a broken constitution; and under present circumstances he became so ill, that he could take no command; fortunately the mate and carpenter were active, and they immediately took charge, which was a fortunate circumstance. As may be supposed, we immediately had to go upon an allowance of bread and water, which were divided to us in a most just and impartial manner during the whole period of our sufferings. For the first four days we had a moderate allowance of about one biscuit and a half, a small slice of beef or pork, and nearly two pints of water. We suffered dreadfully from cold and wet, and, if we had not frequently shifted our position, would have become quite benumbed. I had the misfortune, the third night after I had gone to the main-top, to lose both greatcoat and blankets. I happened to have on two shirts, drawers, a pair of good stockings and shoes, with a black vest, a pair of good Canadian cloth trousers, and a blue cloth jacket, and this was my all; every thing else was gone. I regretted the loss much; for although the blankets frequently got soaked with water, they still did something towards preserving the heat of the body. This unfortunate accident took place while I was asleep. Being overcome with cold and fatigue, I had fastened my greatcoat on the rigging to dry, and rolled myself in the blankets; it happened to come on to blow, and, on turning myself, the wind caught the loose clothes, and swept them overboard. When I looked for my greatcoat, the rope-yarn that made it fast was there, but the coat was gone. This would have been a fatal circumstance to me if we had drifted to the northward, or continued much longer in this cold climate. The sleep we enjoyed in our insecure berth in the rigging was neither sound nor refreshing, but we were thankful for it; it passed the time, and no doubt was of some benefit to us. It was a kind of dog-sleep, and only lasted from fifteen minutes to half an hour at a time, and was generally disturbed with dreams about our friends and far-distant homes, which we had little or no expectation of ever again seeing. Sometimes we awoke in a dreadful fright, dreaming we were pitched overboard, and some of the monsters of the deep ready to snatch us in their terrible maws. When we opened our eyes, it was, alas! to perceive the signs of famine or a watery grave. Most fortunately the wind began to prevail from the north-west, and we were drifted fast to the southward; it was therefore a considerable alleviation to our sufferings to think that we were fast approaching a warmer and more genial climate. We then thought, that, had we enough of bread and water, we might survive a long time under our present circumstances; and the only immediate cause of alarm was the ship breaking up during some of the frequent and heavy squalls we had to encounter. For the purpose of standing it out as long as possible, on the sixth day after the ship was damaged, we put ourselves upon just so much provisions as would preserve the spark of life: this was scarcely three ounces of bread in a very wet and mouldy condition, a small slice of beef or pork, and two or three gills of water. We were so scarce of this last article, that we had to take every opportunity of securing as much as possible from the sails every time it happened to rain; this water drank very sweet; although tarry tasting, it was to us most delicious and refreshing; and I am certain that never did the most voluptuous gourmand enjoy his most favourite beverage with better gusto than we did a drink of water squeezed from the dirty canvas. We had soon the satisfaction of getting into a milder atmosphere; however, till towards the

end of December, we occasionally had very heavy weather, with a great deal of thunder storms. Having saved a quadrant, we found ourselves in the latitude of the Azores; but whether to the east or west, we could not tell, having drifted so many ways, and keeping no reckoning.

On Christmas day, which happened to be fine, we proposed to make a feast as well as we were able. We dared not venture on the bread, but we got an extra slice of pork, which some of us ate raw—others roasted. When the weather was fine, we could remain on deck, where we kindled a fire for our cooking; but the sea was frequently breaking over the deck with such fury, that we were generally glad to remain on the rigging. Having by this time suffered nearly five weeks, some of us were excessively weak, and very much emaciated; so much so, that we could scarcely go up and down the shrouds. Hunger had brought on us a kind of burning fever, and, if we had had water in our power, would have drunk incessantly. Instead of heaving overboard the rats which we caught, as we did at first, we now fried, roasted, and ate them, and found them delicious. On every favourable opportunity, we assembled together for the purpose of devotion, praying to Him, with heartfelt earnestness, who can make the storm calm, and still the raging of the mighty deep. We were also constantly on the lookout for ships, and when we saw any, hoisted signals of distress; they were, however, always at such a distance, that they certainly could not have seen us; at any rate, none approached us. We also cut pieces off our cable, and made burning torches, which we hoisted in the dark nights at the mizen-top, in case of any vessel passing in the night. This was frequently done, but all was of no avail; and we determined, that the first vessel we saw, if she was on such a tack as there might be any probability of getting to her, we would launch the jolly-boat, and chase her. In a day or two we saw a vessel on what we thought a good tack, and immediately launching our little boat, six brave fellows jumped into it, and took to the oars, with the carpenter steering. We could afford them but a small allowance of bread and water. They give us assurances, that, should they get up with the ship, they would use all their endeavours to get its master to come after us; we, on the other hand, promised, that, in the event of their missing her, we would keep large torches burning all night, so that they might find their way back again. It was about one o'clock in the afternoon when they left us, and we kept our eyes on them and the ship in breathless expectation till the shades of evening shut them from our view. About two o'clock in the morning they all returned, poor fellows, much fatigued, led by the torch-lights which we had kept blazing. They had approached within two miles of the vessel about night-fall, when, to their grief and mortification, they saw her men squaring the yards and setting off before the wind, leaving them far behind. Whether they had observed the boat, and suspected her to have piratical intentions, we could not tell. The men were all so much exhausted, that they said they would never leave the ship again under such circumstances.

The first day of the New Year was approaching, and we could not but revert with melancholy recollection to the scenes of festivity and social enjoyment in which we had often participated during that happy season. Our dismal situation suggested the propriety of attending to the incoming of the New Year in a manner befitting our prospects. On the evening of the 31st of December, which chanced to be more than ordinarily placid, at a quarter to twelve o'clock we lighted up the lantern, and having two or three Bibles, we proceeded to the quarter-deck, sang part of the 107th Psalm, read a portion of scripture, and offered up an humble prayer, which, although not adorned in language like the homilies of the learned, was the sincere and fervent language of the heart, and derived an imposing sublimity from the situation in which we were placed. When our devotions were over, it was New Year's day morning; and after shaking hands, and wishing each other a good New Year, we retired to try if we could get a little sleep; and the weather being now fine, we did enjoy some refreshing repose.

On Saturday the 2d, a vessel hove in sight. Not waiting to try signals, having so long tried them in vain, we launched our little boat with a mast and sail; some of the former crew volunteering, and some offering to go who had not gone before, there were seven ready, among whom were our first and second mates. Provided the same way as formerly, and making the same engagements to each other, they set sail, assisting the boat with their oars. There was no cheering this time when we parted; we were in too melancholy and uncertain a state for this expression of joy and triumph, so pleasing and natural to seamen. We spent that night keeping up torch-lights, expecting in the morning to see the vessel approaching us, or at least the boat in view; but, alas! there was not a speck seen in the horizon; both vessel and boat were out of sight. This was a painful result to our expectations, and our sole hope was, that the men had been rescued, though we could not well see how; and we had the consolatory prospect of being able to stand it out a little longer, by keeping ourselves still on the same allowance.

Another day passed, and no immediate prospect of relief. There was now an accurate examination into the state of the provisions which were left, and we ascertained that we could divide something for ten or

twelve days longer. Our case grew more appalling, Day after day passed, and our stock of provisions was wearing to a close. Horrible feelings now took possession of us. No one gave utterance to his thoughts, but it was evident that we must either perish of famine, or that one of us must be slaughtered to furnish food for the remainder. Thus we stood upon the crisis of our fate.

While in this desperate physical and moral condition, we were again visited by a ray of hope. On Thursday the 7th of January, towards evening, and while trying to gather water, it being rainy, the carpenter went to the fore-top, and immediately descried a brig to leeward; he watched her attentively, and observed that she put about. He now cried to us, and told us she was standing towards us, for there was sufficient light for her to see us. No one can picture the joy we now felt for this prospect of deliverance: it can be but faintly imagined. At twelve o'clock, midnight, the vessel was alongside of us, and we were soon taken aboard. The ship was the *Blucher* of Boston, commanded by Captain Lourie; she was bound with a cargo of flour, &c., from New York to Monte Video and Buenos Ayres. Our happiness was increased by finding our fellow sufferers with whom we had parted a few days ago, and who were ready to welcome us on deck.

I will briefly go over the circumstances that led to this extraordinary deliverance. As I have already mentioned, it was on the Saturday when our companions left us. That night they rowed till they lost sight of the vessel which they were chasing; and at the same time, all attempts to regain a sight of the wreck they had left, proved unavailing, notwithstanding that we had kept up torch-lights all night, as on the former occasion. It appears we had drifted from each other, and the poor fellows found themselves, with a small boat on the trackless waves of the Atlantic, almost without food or water; a more helpless situation cannot well be conceived. They could do nothing for themselves, and drifted in their tiny vessel at the mercy of the winds and waves. On Monday morning their small supply of bread was exhausted; and of the remaining small quantity of fresh water, they got a little served out by the second mate in his watch-case. In the course of Monday, when the fog cleared away, to their inexpressible joy they saw a brig at no great distance from them. She immediately bore down towards them, by which they saw they were observed; and in about an hour and a half from their first sight of each other, they were on board the *Blucher*, which vessel was nearly one thousand miles out of her course, driven by adverse winds, being then only from three to four hundred miles to the south-west of Fayal, the nearest of the Azore islands. Our mate, an able sailor from South Shields, told the captain of our miserable situation, and the latitude they had left us in, and found that their boat had drifted, from Saturday till Monday, the extraordinary distance of a hundred and forty miles. With the utmost alacrity the good American went in search of us, and at length had the satisfaction to fall in with us, as I have described. Thus, after suffering for a period of forty-five days, we were again in the midst of comforts and safety. Captain Lourie afforded us all the humane attentions which our situation required, giving us our food in very sparing quantities at first, but afterwards abundance of nourishing diet; and we began to recruit under his care. Resolving to land us on the Azores, he proceeded towards these lonely islands; and in four days' sailing, we stood off the island of Fayal. The wind proving unfavourable for landing there, and Captain Lourie being anxious to proceed on his voyage, in which he had been so much retarded by his exertions in our behalf, he desired us, the weather being fair, to get our boats launched and go ashore at St John's, a small village on the island of Pico, where there was a landing-place for small fishing-boats among the rocks. We bade our deliverers farewell, wishing them every blessing, and in about an hour we were landed at the foot of the Peak of Pico, a very lofty extinct volcanic mountain, covered nearly two-thirds of the way up with vines, orange, lemon, and fig trees, while the top, or crater, is crowned with eternal snow.

We were received at Pico by a great concourse of islanders, who belong to the Portuguese nation. We had the good fortune to meet a Portuguese gentleman here who spoke English fluently, and who immediately told our situation to the vicar, who was likewise in attendance on the beach. We were under very great obligations to this gentleman, as he acted as interpreter. We were treated here with much kindness; bread, cheese, wine, and fruit, being brought to us in abundance, and a place of shelter provided. The inhabitants in general are very poor in this island; nevertheless they are extremely hospitable, and we recovered very fast. The vicar, who took the charge of us after we got some refreshment, sent our captain's dispatch over to the British vice-consul at Fayal. In two days our messenger returned with a reply, thanking the vicar for his attentions to us, and at the same time stating the British government allowance of one shilling and sixpence per day for each individual in such cases. We remained here about a fortnight, the people all along treating us with much kindness; and we were given to understand that the vicar, after our arrival, had assembled his flock, and publicly returned thanks to Almighty God, who had so wonderfully saved us from a miserable death.

We were so much refreshed and invigorated here,

that in a proceeded on large boat us over where we part of the vessel had some port carried to whence part of the THI ONE of the ture, is to exist. N of her ch trusted w animals, that a sim for its rat six thous parative has been lay in sp of twenty hys eight been ascer greater p has prov louse, m of desc isolated their bini and this

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that in a fortnight we considered ourselves able to proceed on our way homeward. For this purpose a large boat and a Portuguese crew were provided to take us over to Fayal, a distance of about thirty miles, where we saw the British vice-consul, and received every attention from him. At Fayal we met with part of the crew of the John Miller of Liverpool, which vessel had likewise foundered while on her way to some port of South America. From Fayal we were carried to St Michael's in a coasting schooner, and thence passages homeward were provided by the British consul-general, for the whole, in different vessels, which were here lading with fruit for England.

THE MYRIADS OF CREATION.

One of the most remarkable features of animated nature, is the vast multitudes in which certain species exist. Nature has invested several of the lower orders of her children with a fruitfulness which, when contrasted with that of the more complicated and perfect animals, seems truly wonderful. When it is stated that a single pair of corn weevils—a grub well known for its ravages amongst grain—is supposed to produce six thousand descendants in one season, we have comparatively an ordinary fact in insect generation. It has been calculated that the queen of the domestic bee lays in spring twelve millions of eggs, within the space of twenty days. More wonderful still, the female ant lays eighty thousand eggs per day. And yet nature has been ascertained to give to certain creatures a much greater power of production. An eminent naturalist has proved, that, in five generations, the aphis, or plant-louse, may be the mother of nearly six thousand millions of descendants. The females of this species may be isolated under a tumbler, and yet they will continue to breed: females descended from them, if taken at their birth, and also isolated, will breed in like manner; and this phenomenon will go on for many generations.

It is not often that the atmosphere of our temperate climate allows the eggs of the aphis to be developed in inordinately great quantities; but such an event sometimes takes place. The morning of Saturday the 24th of September 1834, was, in England, one of singular warmth and geniality, succeeding a few weeks of uncommonly cheerful weather. The wind blew from the south, and the sun shone with the vigour of July. The air during the week had denoted considerable electric action, and on Wednesday there had been much thunder and lightning. On Sunday the 25th, and part of the ensuing day, the air was filled, throughout a large district in Yorkshire, if not more extensively, by myriads of winged insects of the aphis kind. An observer who ascertained the particular appearance of this cloud of new life over a district measuring twelve miles by four, or nearly fifty square miles, calculated, that, allowing six insects for every square foot, there must have been seventeen hundred millions within that district, or nearly twenty times the whole human population of the globe. The insect was a hitherto unobserved species of the aphis, with four wings, the eyes globular and prominent, a bent proboscis, six legs of a tawny colour, and a short tubular horn at the extremity of the abdomen. It was one, in short, of those which occasionally appear in warmer countries than ours, and produce an universal blight. There can be little doubt, that, if the heat which produced this phenomenon had continued a little longer, such a result would have ensued as far as the district was concerned. But after they had existed a day and a half, the weather once more became cold, and the seventeen hundred millions of living creatures perished in an hour.*

The cockchafers and grubs, which prove so destructive to growing victuals, are also remarkable for being generated in overpowering multitudes. The cockchafer first came into Ireland in the year 1688. A vast cloud, formed by them, was blown upon the coast of Galway by a south-west wind, and they soon spread over the country. In some places they so thickened the air, that it was difficult to make way through them. Whole districts in England and Ireland are occasionally laid waste by these creatures, or by weevils or grubs. Yet our sufferings from such causes are as nothing to the devastations produced by the locusts of warmer regions. In Southern Africa they occasionally appear in such vast hordes, that the vegetation of the earth disappears before them. In 1797, Mr Barrow saw a piece of country containing two thousand square miles, which was entirely covered by them. They march on the direction of the wind, and when any trench or rivulet occurs in their course, stop not for it, but fill it up with their own bodies, the general mass passing over their drowned or smothered companions without compunction. This plague had been, at the time of Mr Barrow's visit, in constant operation in Africa for three years. Russia and Poland were visited by locusts in 1850, on which occasion the air was darkened by them, and the ground covered to the depth of four feet: the trees were bent with their weight, and the amount of damage produced by them exceeded computation. In the sixth century, Italy was ravaged in a similar manner, and not relieved till a wind blew the invading myriads into the sea, when the smell of their bodies on the coast produced a plague which carried off a million of men and beasts. The prophet Joel expressively describes the locust as a devouring flame,

before which the land is an Eden, and behind a desolate wilderness.

When we consider the vast amount of mischief produced by various insects, it seems surprising that they should have been gifted with such extraordinary powers of multiplication. When we inquire, however, into this, as into all other evils, we find that it is only an exception from a general good, the chief end of voracious insects being to remove animal and vegetable matters which would otherwise be noxious. In the design of the world, only general powers have been contemplated, and only general powers given. It is enough for nature if the grand end be accomplished.

We shall conclude with an extract from Latrobe's Travels in North America, respecting an insect of the grasshopper kind, named the *Cicada Septendecim*:

"The observation of a past century had shown the inhabitants of Maryland and Pennsylvania, that every seventeenth year they were visited by a countless horde of insects of the cicada tribe, hence called *Septendecim*; distinct in aspect and habits from those whose annual appearance and mode of life were understood. Its last appearance had been in 1817, and its reappearance was thus confidently predicted for the third or fourth week in May this year (1834). Nature, true to her impulses, and the laws by which she is so mysteriously governed, did not fail to fulfil the prediction. On the 24th May and following day, the whole surface of the country in and about the city of Philadelphia suddenly teemed with this singular insect. The subject interested me, and as, during those days, I had every opportunity of being daily, nay hourly, attentive to the phenomena connected with it, both here and in Maryland, I send you the result of my observations. The first day of their appearance their numbers were comparatively few; the second they came by myriads; and yet a day or two might pass before they reached their full number. I happened to be abroad on the bright sunny morning which might be called the day of their birth. At early morning the insect, in the pupa state, may be observed issuing from the earth in every direction, by the help of a set of strongly barbed claws on the fore-legs. Its colour then is of a uniform dull brown, and it strongly resembles the perfect insect in form, excepting the absence of wings, ornaments and antenna. The first impulse of the imperfect insect on detaching itself from its grave, is to ascend a few inches, or even feet, up the trunks of trees, at the foot of which their holes appear in the greatest number, or upon the rail fences, which are soon thickly sprinkled with them. In these positions they straightway fix themselves firmly by their barbed claws. Half an hour's observation will then show you the next change which is to be undergone. A split takes place upon the shell down from the back of the head to the commencement of the rings of the abdomen, and the labour of self-extrication follows. With many a throe and many a strain you see the tail and hind-legs appear through the rent, then the wings extricate themselves painfully from a little case in the outer shell, in which they lie exquisitely folded up, but do not yet unfurl themselves; and, lastly, the head, with its antennae, disengages itself, and you behold before you the new-born insect freed from its prison. The slough is not disengaged, but remains firmly fixed in the fibres of the wood, and the insect languidly crawling a few inches, remains as it were in a dose of wonder and astonishment. It is rather under an inch in length, and appears humid and tender; the colours are dull, the eye glazed, the legs feeble, and the wings for a while after they are opened appear crumpled and inelastic. All this passes before the sun has gained his full strength. As the day advances, the colours of the insect become more lively, the wings attain their full stretch, and the body dries and is braced up for its future little life of activity and enjoyment.

Between ten and eleven, the newly risen tribes begin to tune their instruments. You become conscious of a sound filling the air far and wide, different from the ordinary ones which may meet your ear. A low distinct hum salutes you, turn where you will. It may be compared to the simmering of an enormous caldron; it swells imperceptibly, changes its character, and becomes fuller and sharper. Thousands seem to join in; and by an hour after mid-day, the whole country, far and wide, rings with the unwonted sound. The insects are now seen lodged in or flying about the foliage above, a few hours having been thus sufficient to give them full strength and activity, and bring them into full voice. Well may the schoolboy and curly-headed negro rejoice at the sound; for their hands will never want a plaything for many days to come. Well may the birds of the forest rejoice; for this is the season of plenty for them. The pigs and poultry, too, they fatten on the innumerable swarms which become many days will cover the ground in the decline of their strength. The pretty insect—for it is truly such—with its dark body, red eyes, and its glossy wings, interlaced by bright yellow fibres, enjoys but a little week; and that merry harping which pervades creation from sunrise till sundown for the time of its continuance, is but of some six days' duration. Its character would be almost impossible to describe, though it rings in my ears every time I think of the insect. Like all those of its tribe, the sound produced is not a voice, but a strong vibration of musical chords, produced by the action of internal muscles upon a species of lyre or elastic membrane covered with network, and situated under the wings, the action of which I have often wit-

nessed. The female insect may utter a faint sound, but how, I do not know; it is the male who is endowed with the powerful means of instrumentation which I have described. Though the sound is generally even and continuous as long as the insect is uninterrupted, yet there is a droll variety observable at times; but what it expresses, whether peculiar satisfaction or jealousy, or what other passion, I cannot divine. It has been well described by the word *Pha-rə!* the first syllable being long and sustained, and connected with the second, which is pitched nearly an octave lower by a drawing *smorzando* descent. During the whole period of their existence, the closest attention does not detect their eating any thing, and with the exception of the trifling injury received by trees consequent upon the process observed by the female in laying her eggs, they are perfectly innocuous. The end to which they seem to be sent to the upper day, is purely confined to the propagation of their species. A few days after their first appearance, the female begins to lay her eggs. She is furnished with an ovipositor situated in a sheath on the abdomen, composed of two serrated hard parallel spines, which she has the power of working with an alternate perpendicular motion. When her time comes, she selects one of the outermost twigs of the forest trees or shrubs, and sets to work and makes a series of longitudinal jagged incisions in the tender bark and wood. In each of these she lays a row of tiny eggs, and then goes to work again. Having deposited to the heart's content, she crawls up the twig a few inches yet farther from the termination, and placing herself in a fitting position, makes two or three perpendicular casts into the very pith. The duty is now terminated. Both male and female become weak, the former ceases to be tuneful: the charm of their existence is at an end; they pine away, become blind, fall to the ground by myriads, and in ten or fifteen days after their first appearance, they all perish. Not so, however, their seeds. The perforated twigs die; the first wind breaks them from the tree, and scatters them upon the ground. The eggs give birth to a number of small grubs, which are thus enabled to attain the mould without injury; and in it they disappear, digging their way down into the bosom of the earth. Year goes after year—summer after summer; the sun shines in vain to them—they 'bide their time!' The recollection of their existence begins to fade—a generation passes away; the surface of the country is altered, lands are reclaimed from the forest, streets are laid out and trampled on for years, houses are built, and pavements hide the soil—still, though man may almost forget their existence, God does not. What their life is in the long interval, none can divine. Traces of them have been found in digging wells and foundations eight and ten feet under the surface. When seventeen years have gone by, the memory of them returns, and they are expected. A cold wet spring may retard their appearance, but never since the attention of man has been directed to them, have they failed; but at the appointed time, by one common impulse, they rise from the earth, piercing their way through the matted sod, through the hard-trampled clay of the pathways, through the gravel, between the joints of the stones and pavements, and into the very cellars of the houses, like their predecessors, to be a marvel in the land, to sing their blithe song of love and enjoyment under the bright sun, and amidst the verdant landscape—like them, to fulfil the brief duties of their species, and close their mysterious existence by death. We are still children in the small measure of our knowledge and comprehension with regard to the phenomena of the natural world! All things considered, we may venture to prophesy the reappearance of the *Cicada Septendecim* on the coasts of Maryland and Virginia for the year 1851."

SISTER SALL'S COURSHIP.

(From The Clockmaker, or the Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville. Halifax, Nova Scotia, 1836.)

"THERE goes one of them ere everlastin' rotten poles in that bridge; they are no better than a trap for a critter's leg," said the Clockmaker. "They remind me of a trap Jim Monroe put his foot in one night, that near about made one leg half a yard longer than t'other. I believe I told you of him, what a desperate idle fellow he was—he came from Union County in Connecticut. Well, he was courtin' sister Sall—she was a real handsum lookin' gal; you scarce ever seed a more out and out complete critter than she was—a fine figur head, and a beautiful model of a craft as any in the state; a real clipper, and as full of fun and frolic as a kitten. Well, he fairly turned Sall's head; the more we wanted her to give him up, the more she wouldn't; and we got plaguy uneasy about it, for his character was none of the best. He was a universal favourite with the gals; and the 'o he didn't have very pretty neither, forgetting to marry where he promised, and where he hadn't ought to have forgot too, yet, so it was, he had such an uncommon winnin' way with him, he could talk them over in no time—Sall was fairly bewitched. At last father said to him one evening when he came a-courtin', 'Jim,' says he, 'you'll never come to no good, if you act like old Scratch as you do; you aint fit to come into no decent man's house at all, and your absence would be ten times more agreeable than your company, I tell you. I won't consent to Sall's goin' to them ere huskin' parties and quilitin' frolics along with you no more, on no account.' 'Now don't say so,' says he. 'I intend to settle myself and take a farm.' 'Yes, yes,' said father, 'but it won't do; I tell you once for all, you must give up all thoughts of Sall, now and for everlastin'.' When Sall heerd this, she began to nit away like mad in a desperate hurry—she looked

* We are indebted for these particulars to an article in the 18th number of the "Analyst, a quarterly Journal of Science, Literature, Natural History, and the Fine Arts." London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

foolish enough, that's a fact. First she tried to bite in her breath, and look as if there was nothin' particular in the wind, then she blushed all over like scarlet fever, but she recovered that pretty soon, and then her colour went and came, and came and went, till at last she grew as white as chalk, and down she fell slap off her seat on the floor, in a faintin' fit. 'I see,' says father, 'I see it now, you villain; and he made a pull at the old-fashioned sword, that always hung over the fire-place (we used to call it old Bunker, for his stories always began, 'when I was at Bunker's Hill'), and drawing it out, he made a clip at him as wicked as if he was stabbing at a rat with a bay fork; but Jim, he outs of the door like a shot, and draws it too after him, and father sends old Bunker right through the panel. 'I'll chop you up as fine as mince meat, you villain,' said he, 'if ever I catch you inside my door agin; mind what I tell you—you'll swing for it yet.' Well, he made himself considerable scarce arter that; he never set foot inside the door agin, and I thought he had given up all hopes of Sall, and she of him; when one night, a most particular uncommon dark night, as I was a-comin' home from neighbour Dearborne's, I heerd some one a-talkin' under Sall's window. Well, I stops and listens, and who should be near the ash saplin', but Jim Munroe, a-tryin' to persuade Sall to run off with him to Rhode Island to be married. It was all settled, he should come with a horse and shay to the gate, and then help her out of the window, just at nine o'clock, about the time she commonly went to bed. Then he axes her to reach down her hand for him to kiss (for he was proper clever at soft sawder), and she stretches it down and he kisses it; 'and,' says he, 'I believe I must have the whole of you arter all,' and gives her a jerk that startled her; it came so sudden like, it made her scream; so off he set, and over the gate in no time.

Well, I cyphered over this all night, a-calculin' how I should reciprocate that trick with him, and at last I hit on a scheme. I recollect father's words, at partin', 'mind what I tell you, you'll swing for it yet,' and thinks I, friend Jim, I'll make that prophecy come true yet, I guess. So the next night, just at dark, I gives January Snow, the old nigger, a nidge with my elbow, and as soon as he looks up, I winks and walks out, and he arter me. Says I, 'January, can you keep your tongue within your teeth, you old nigger you?' 'Why, massa, why you ax that ere question? You tink old Snow he don't know dat ere yet; my tongue he got plenty room now, not a tooth left; he can stretch out ever so far; like a little leg in a big bed, he lay quiet enough, massa, neber fear.' Then, says I, 'bend down that ere ash saplin' sofily, you old Snowball, and make no noise.' The saplin' was no sooner bent than scoured to the ground by a notched peg and a noose, and a slip knot was suspended from the tree, just over the track that led from the pathway to the house. 'Why, massa, what's that?' 'Hold your mug, you old nigger,' says I, 'or I'll send your tongue a sarchin' arter your teeth; keep quiet, and follow me in presently.' Well, just as it struck nine o'clock, says I, 'Sally, hold this here Hank of twine for a minute, till I wind a trifle on it off; that's a dear critter.' She set down her candle, and I put the twine on her hands, and then I begins to wind and wind away ever so slow, and drops the ball every now and then, so as to keep her down stairs. 'Sam,' says she, 'I do believe you wont wind that ere twine off all night; do give it to January: I wont stay no longer, I'm con-a-most dead asleep.' 'The old feller's arm is so plaguy unsteady,' says I, 'it won't do. But hark! what's that? I'm sure I heerd something in the ash saplin', did you, Sall?' 'I heerd the geese there, that's all,' says she, 'they always come under the windows at night; but she looked scared enough, and says she, 'I vow I'm tired a-holdin' out of arms this way, and I won't do it no longer;' and down she throw'd the Hank on the floor. 'Well,' says I, 'stop one minute, dear, till I send old January out to see if any body is there; perhaps some o' neighbour Dearborne's cattle have broke into the garden.' January went out, tho' Sall say'd it was no use, for she knew the noise of the geese; they always kept close to the house at night, for fear of the varmin. Presently in runs old Snow, with his hair standin' up on end, and the whites of his eyes lookin' as big as the rims of a soup plate. 'Oh!' said he, 'oh, massa, oh Miss Sally, oh!' 'What on earth is the matter with you?' said Sally; 'how you do frighten me! I vow I believe you're mad.' 'Oh massa!' said he, 'Jim Munroe he hang himself on the ash saplin' under Miss Sally's window—oh!' That shot was a settler; it struck poor Sall right to the heart; she gave a lurch ahead, then heeled over and sunk right down in another faintin' fit; and Juno, old Snow's wife, carried her off and laid her down on the bed—poor thing, she felt ugly enough, I do suppose.

Well, father, I thought he'd a-fainted too, he was so struck up all of a heap; he was completely done for. 'Dear, dear,' said he, 'I didn't think it would come to pass so soon, but I knew it would come. I foretold you,' says he, 'the last time I seed him—Jim, says I, mind what I say, you'll swing for it yet. Give me the sword I wore when I was at Bunker's Hill; may be there is life yet; I'll cut him down.' The lantern was soon made ready, and out we went to the ash saplin'. 'Cut me down, Sam, that's a good fellow,' said Jim; 'all the blood in my body has swashed into my head, and I'm a-runnin' out o' my nose; I'm con-a-most smothered; be quick.' 'Why, as I'm alive!—well, if that don't beat all natur—why, he has hanged himself by one leg, and a-swingin' like a rabbit upside down; that's a fact. Why, if he aint snared, Sam; he is properly wired in a noose, I declare—I, vow this is some o' your doin's, Sam—well, it was a clever scheme too, but a little grain too dangerous, I guess.' 'Don't stand starn' and jawin' there all night,' said Jim; 'cut me down, I tell you—or eat my throat at once, for I am chokin' with blood.' 'Roll over that ere hoghead, old Snow,' said I, 'till I get a-top on it and cut him down.' So I soon released him, but he couldnt walk a bit. His ankle was swelled and sprained like vengeance, and he awoke one leg was near about six inches longer than other. 'Jim Munroe,' says father, 'little did I think I should ever see you inside my door agin, but I bid

you enter now; we owe you that kindness, any how. Well, to make a long story short, Jim was so chap-fallen, and so down in the mouth, he begged for decency's sake it might be kept a secret; he said he would run the state if ever it got wind; he was sure he couldnt stand it. 'It will be one while, I guess,' said father, 'before you are able to run or stand either; but if you will give me your hand, Jim, and promise to give over your evil ways, I will not only keep it secret, but you shall be a welcome guest at old Sam Slick's once more, for the sake of your father—he was a brave man, one of the heroes of Bunker's Hill; he was our sergeant, and —.' 'He promises,' says I, 'father' (for the old man had stuck his right foot out, the way he always stood when he told about the old war; and as Jim couldn't stir a peg, it was a grand chance, and he was a-goin' to give him the whole revolution, from General Gage up to Independence), 'he promises,' says I, 'father.' Well, it was all settled, and things soon grew as calm as a pan of milk two days old; and after a year was over, Jim was as steady a-goin' man as minister Joshua Hopewell, and was married to our Sall. Nothin' was ever said about the snare till after the weddin'. When the minister had finished axin' a blesin', father goes up to Jim, and says he, 'Jim Munroe, my boy, givin' him a rousin' slap on the shoulder that set him a-coughin' for the matter of five minutes (for he was a mortal powerful man, was father)—Jim Munroe, my boy,' says he, 'you've got the snare round your neck, I guess now, instead of your leg; the saplin' has been a father to you; may you be the father of many saplings.'

We had a most special time of it, you may depend, all except the minister; father got him into a corner, and gave him chapter and verse for the whole war. Every now and then as I come near them, I heard 'Bunker's Hill, Brandywine, Clinton, Gates,' and so on. It was broad day when we parted, and the last that went was poor minister. Father followed him clean down to the gate, and says he, 'Minister, we hadnt time this hitherto, or I'd a-told you all about the *evakation* of New York, but I'll tell you that the next time we meet.'

HINTS TO THE SHETLANDERS.

KNOWING that Chambers's Journal circulates to a considerable extent in the remote islands of Shetland, we beg to lay before our readers in that quarter, including those of Orkney, the following hints from that very useful monthly newspaper the Shetland Journal—a paper which amply deserves the support of Shetlanders of all classes. It is only necessary to premise, that excellent steam-vessels now ply between Edinburgh, Aberdeen, and other places, and Shetland:—'We shall be much surprised if a considerable number of tourists, &c. from the south, do not visit Shetland this summer. Now, we wish to give our country-people some hints for good behaviour in respect to these strangers. Their visits are calculated to do a great deal of good to the poor people of Shetland. If they are treated well, and are consequently pleased with their visit, they will tell all their friends of it, and a much greater number will come next year; but if they are not well treated, and are therefore displeased, they will, by telling of it, prevent others from coming. English ladies and gentlemen are accustomed to have every thing very neat, clean, and comfortable; and there is nothing they dislike more than dirt, disorder, and slovenliness. They have also a great detestation of being imposed upon, even to the value of a penny; and they will come to Shetland in the expectation of finding every article which is produced in the country, very cheap, as they are, and ought to be.

We think a few nicely fitted up and neatly painted boats, to take parties about the most romantic parts of the coast, would be wanted, and would pay well; they should be nineteen or twenty feet keel boats, fitted with seats and cushions, and have awnings to ship with stanchions, in case of rain. There should be one or two of these at Lerwick, Scalloway, Papa, Hillswick, Baltasound, &c. And if any houses in these neighbourhoods could be fitted up as inns for the summer season, with clean and comfortable beds, and provided with a small stock of good wines, spirits, tea, coffee, &c., it will, we have no doubt, be found to answer well. We should also recommend the placing a small steamer in Shetland during the summer months. She would be found a great convenience in taking passengers about the islands, and we have little doubt, would prove a profitable speculation to any one having such a vessel.'

SCARCITY OF UGLY WOMEN.

A very eccentric gentleman was once complaining, that after a great deal of trouble he had not been able to meet with an ugly woman, so that he much doubted whether after all such a being existed. 'For my part,' continued he, 'I almost believe such a creature to be a mere chimera of the imagination, and to be clasped with those fictitious beings whose heads are said to grow beneath their shoulders. Some years ago I made the following experiment:—I caused two advertisements to be inserted in the papers for a housekeeper; one was for a lady who should not only be competent for such an office, but qualified also for a companion, and be a woman of education and elegant manners; the other required nothing of this; it only stipulated that the applicant should be ugly. In answer to the former advertisement, I was overwhelmed with letters from so many accomplished elegant ladies, that I congratulated both the present age and my own country on possessing so much female excellence. But would you believe it? To the latter I received not a single reply; and I have since, more than once, inserted the same advertisement with exactly the same success.'—*Newspaper paragraph.*

RISE OF LAND IN THE PACIFIC.

An extraordinary phenomenon presented in the Southern Ocean may render our settlements in New South Wales of still more eminent importance. A SIXTH CONTINENT is in the very act of growth before our eyes! The Pacific is spotted with islands, through the immense space of nearly fifty degrees of longitude, and as many of latitude. Every one of these islands seems to be merely a central spot for the formation of coral-banks, which, by a perpetual progress, are rising from the unfathomable depths of the sea. The union of a few of these masses of rock shapes itself into an island, the seeds of plants are carried to it by the birds or by the waves, and from the moment that it overtops the waters, it is covered with vegetation. The new island constitutes, in its turn, a centre of growth to another circle. The great powers

of nature appear to be still in peculiar activity in this region; and to her tardy process she sometimes takes the assistance of the volcano and the earthquake. From the south of New Zealand to the north of the Sandwich Islands, the waters absolutely teem with those future seats of civilisation. Still the coral insect, the diminutive builder of all these mighty piles, is at work, the ocean is intersected with myriads of those lines of foundation; and when the rocky substructure shall have excluded the sea, then will come the dominion of man.

STAMMERING.

During the act of speaking, air must be passing out or passing into the lungs, or, at all events, out or into the mouth—that is during expiration or inspiration. Most people (who have a perfect command over the organs of speech) can articulate imperfectly and with difficulty during inspiration; but not so the stammerer. In attempting to speak while drawing in the air, or while the lungs are empty or nearly so, he will not be able to articulate at all; and not knowing the cause of this inability, he will make repeated, and often convulsive efforts, accompanied with more or less of those hideous distortions of the countenance so characteristic of stammering, until by accident, or rather by design, he draws in a full breath, and effects the utterance of his words, while the air is flowing naturally from the lungs. I repeat, that stammering arises from an attempt to speak when the lungs are empty, or when the stammerer is drawing in his breath. This habit having been once contracted, generally becomes aggravated by time; and I need not say that thousands of individuals are almost cut off from social intercourse and rendered miserable by the said impediment. From these premises, which I know to be correct, the method of cure will be easily understood. It consists in making the stammerer (if a child, for an adult can do it himself) take in a deep inspiration, and repeat, with the whole force of the *expiration*, the different letters of the alphabet—numerals—monosyllables, one by one. This may be prefaced or not by several hours' practice of slow and deep breathing. As for the repetition of monosyllabic pronunciation, it must be continued for hours, days, or weeks, according to the condition of the patient, such as his age, capacity, strength of lungs, or inveteracy of the impediment. The stammerer must next proceed to the utterance of polysyllables, during an expiration; then short sentences; and, lastly, long sentences: thus reversing, in fact, the evil habit, until at length a new habit is acquired, and the cure effected. In some cases, this desirable object will require months. In general, a few days, or at most weeks, will be sufficient.—*Dr M'Cormack.* [An excellent treatise on Stammering was lately published, written by Mr Borthwick, Edinburgh, a gentleman who undertakes to cure or meliorate this unfortunate physical defect.]

CHRISTENINGS.

They tell of Bishop Porteous, that he had an utter aversion to long names, and fine names, and more than one name. That being called upon, when a parish priest, to christen a poor man's child Thomas Timothy, he dipped his finger hastily in the basin, cut the matter and the name short, and christened the child 'Tom Tit.' The fashion is now running, and has been for some years, to fine names—Betts, Sallys, Sukeys, Nannys, are all gone—and, *apropos* upon Nanny, I have seen the beautiful ballad, 'O Nanny with thou gang with me?' adapted to modern elegance thus, 'Amelia, will you go with me?' This, however, has nothing to do with the church christenings, but it shows that a 'rose, by any other name,' may in time smell sweeter. Now of names. Surely I have entered on the register the strangest imaginable. A mason's wife, and belonging to the next parish, presented her urchin. What took place was exactly as follows: 'Say the name,' said I, with my finger in the water. 'Acts sir,' said she. 'Acts!' said I. 'What do you mean?' Think to myself, I will ax the clerk to spell it. He did. 'Acts—so Acts was the babe, and will be in this life, and will be doubly trebly so registered, if ever it marries or dies. Afterwards, in the vestry, I asked the good woman what made her choose such a name. Her answer was this:—'Why, sir, we be religious people; we've got your son on em already, and they be ca'd Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, and so my husband thought he'd compliment the apostles a bit.' The idea of complimenting the apostles with this little dab of living mortar was too much; even I could not help laughing. I have no doubt she will go on to *Revelations*, they being particularly religious people.—*Letter from a Country Curate, in Blackwood.*

INGENIOUS ORTHOGRAPHY.

A gentleman of the Temple received his laundress's weekly account the other day, made out in the style of spelling and handwriting peculiar to the sisters of the suds: but there was one charge of 1s. 6d. for 'skewering the stars,' which defied even his practised comprehension. After wondering for some time how such a work could even have been performed, and, still more, why it should have been executed particularly at his expense, the debtor sent for Mrs Pearish, when the reading turned out to be, 'For scouring the stairs.'

THE OLD LADY AND THE SPEAKING-TRUMPET.

One of the graves of Westminster Abbey would exhibit curious contents, if from curiosity it should ever be opened. An old countess, who died not long since after a very singular life, gave orders in her will that she should be buried in Poets' Corner, as near as possible to Shakespeare's monument, dressed in her wedding suit, and with a speaking-trumpet in her coffin. These orders her executors were obliged to perform to the letter. Accordingly, a grave was solicited and granted for a due consideration in this holy ground; the old lady was equipped in her bridal array, packed up for the journey, and ready to set off, when it was discovered that the speaking-trumpet had been forgotten. What was to be done? This was in a remote part of the country; there was not such a thing to be purchased within a dozen leagues, and the will was not to be trifled with. Luckily some persons there present recollect that a gentleman in the neighbourhood had a speaking-trumpet, which had been left him by a sea captain as a memorial of an old friend, and which for that reason he particularly valued. A messenger was immediately despatched to borrow this, of course he was careful not to say for what it was wanted: as soon as it was brought, it was put by her side in the coffin, the coffin was soldered down, and off posted the funeral for London.—*Epsom's Letters.*

RUNNING AFTER YOUR HAT.

There are very few moments in a man's existence, when he experiences so much ludicrous distress, or meets with so little charitable commiseration, as when he is in pursuit of his own hat. A vast deal of coolness, and a peculiar degree of judgment are requisite in catching a hat. A man must not precipitate, or he runs over it; he must not rush into the opposite extreme, or he loses it altogether. The best way is, to keep gently up with the object of pursuit, to be wary and cautious, to wait your opportunity well, get gradually before it, then make a rapid dive, seize it by the crown, and stick it firmly on your head; smiling pleasantly all the time, as if you thought it as good as joke as anybody else.—*Pickwick Papers.*

Solution of Charade in Last Number.—Ape, pan, mint, Maris, pear, pea, cent, pen, pepper, cat, remnant, Peter, tea, rasp, turnet, net, arm, and the whole is INTEMPERANCE.

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